



No. 592.—VOL. XLVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



GENERAL BARON KUROKI, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE JAPANESE ARMY IN THE FIELD.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

The Sketch Office,
Monday, May 30.

THE flaccid chatterer who delights in the assertion that the English race, from a physical point of view, is deteriorating, should spend an evening at the Military Tournament. He will observe, if he has eyes to observe, that every man who enters the arena in any capacity whatsoever is splendidly developed, perfectly trained, and as enthusiastic over his work as a racehorse. I have seen prize-fighters, and world-famous acrobats, and champion wrestlers, but I have never seen a more striking gymnastic display than that given by the staff of the Headquarters Gymnasium, Aldershot. The men, of course, are specially selected, but the number of them and the evenness of the performance prove that the system of gymnastics employed in the Army is thoroughly sound. As for the gentlemen who take part in the Tug-of-War, I am sure there is not one of them who could squeeze himself into a suit of mediæval armour. Even Goliath, I fancy, would have hesitated before issuing his after-breakfast challenge had the Israelites numbered on their side either of those colossal fellows who stand at the extreme ends of the rope. I was glad to be informed by one of the officers on duty that competitors in the Tug-of-War were not allowed to sit down. But for this wise rule, the event would be wholly deprived of any sporting interest.

In the programme of the Military Tournament there is always a leavening of humour, and I am pleased to note that the present entertainment at the Agricultural Hall concludes with a screaming farce. The plot is simple but telling. A convoy, provided with an escort of naval guns and artillery, halt and bivouac for the night. Just before daybreak, the sentry is surprised and wounded by the villain, who promptly makes off with the principal breakfast-dish of the convoy. As he is scurrying past the stables, however, *en route* for Islington High Street, he meets some rough men on horseback. They arrest the fellow, and drag him, struggling and kicking, back to the arena. There he is placed on a horse and hurried past the shilling seats to the opposite exit. I regret that the names of the actors were not stated on the official programme, for the soldier who played the villain proved himself an exceptionally good comedian. There were one or two touches in his performance that reminded me of Edmund Payne. The part of the sentry, too, was in good hands. By the way, there were several members of the Press present, but no dramatic critics. And then they want to know why the art of the theatre in this country is on the downward grade!

From the farce at the Military Tournament one passes, naturally enough, to the question of conscription. Indeed, I should not be surprised to learn that the one is intended to pave the way for the other. No bank-clerk, no draper's assistant, no journalist, no butcher ever enjoyed his work half so much as the actors in that merry little play. Is it not a finer thing, said the spectator to himself, to sleep by a camp-fire than to pore over a ledger? Is it not a nobler deed to arrest a comic villain in full flight than to sell ties across a counter? Is it not more exhilarating to discharge blank cartridges than to be yourself discharged for libelling a Company-promoter? Is it not more satisfying to kill men, even though you don't see them, than to kill bullocks? The military authorities, I think, are to be congratulated on their scheme. Should they care to follow up their success at Islington, I shall be pleased to write them so alluring a musical comedy on similar lines that every loafer in London will become a soldier of his own free-will. When the curtain rises on the first Act, for example, the audience will see forty warriors lolling gracefully in forty deep arm-chairs, whilst forty beautiful nursemaids on forty bended knees feed the splendid fellows with teaspoonfuls of beer. (Terms on application.)

Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Mr. Arthur Bouchier's "reader" are on particularly good terms with themselves, each other, and the world at large. The reasons for their jubilation are these: The Poet Laureate submitted, anonymously, a comedietta to Mr. Arthur Bouchier; Mr. Arthur Bouchier's "reader" detected sufficient literary merit in the comedietta to warrant his laying the manuscript on the actor-manager's desk; Mr. Arthur Bouchier agreed with his "reader" to the extent of sending for the anonymous author. Now, I am the last person living to damp the ardour of those who are capable of detecting literary merit, more particularly, perhaps, when that literary merit is displayed by the official writer to the Court of England. I would just mention, however, that, on Mr. Bouchier's own admission, the thousands of disappointed playwrights who declare, hourly, that actor-managers do not read plays by unknown authors have scored a point over this Alfred Austin episode. Mr. Bouchier has admitted, you see, that he leaves it to a "reader" to go through his post-bag and select the most likely manuscripts. The plan, doubtless, is an excellent one. It is not the plan, however, that is adopted in our leading publishing-house, and I happen to know that it is not the plan adopted in *The Sketch* office.

When the inept babbler has tired of the subject of physical deterioration, he often has a couple of thousand words to say on the decline of enterprise in British business. I maintain, quietly but determinedly, that Englishmen are more enterprising now than at any other period in the history of this country. (Government cheers.) Thanks to the courtesy of a famous publishing-house, I am enabled to support my argument by quoting for you a striking instance of modern enterprise on the part of a British firm. (Ironical Opposition cheers.) The publishing-house in question issued, a few days ago, a book by that well-known cricketer, Mr. P. F. Warner, entitled "How We Recovered the Ashes." Hardly had the first advertisements of the volume appeared than they received a post-card which bore the name and address of a genuine firm and ran as follows: "Sirs,—We are buyers of all sorts of lead dross and ashes, for which we pay the highest prices. Our terms being cash, will you kindly let us know if you have any dross to dispose of." The post-card, I understand, was at once forwarded to Mr. Warner, who replied (by wire) in an indignant negative. I trust, however, that those estimable dealers in dross will not allow themselves to feel abashed. After all, they know more about the recovery of ashes than Mr. Warner.

The new Haymarket play, I fear, is hardly up to the Haymarket standard. The story, to tell the truth, is like nothing that ever happened, and the people are like no people that ever walked. Worst of all, Mr. Cyril Maude plays the part of a cad. In "Joseph Entangled," you may remember, he was "badly left" at the end of the piece; in "Lady Flirt" he allows a man to call him a monkey and then sneaks out with his face in his hat. Nothing could palliate the unpleasantness of the character, neither Mr. Maude's charming personality nor the fact that he represents a Frenchman. Indeed, I am not sure that the latter fact does not add to one's dejection. We are all too grown-up, nowadays, to quarrel with people because they talk a different language, and, quite lately, we have learnt to bow and smile when we meet a Frenchman as grown-up people should. It is rather a pity, then, that an Englishman, playing the part of a Frenchman in an English theatre, should allow himself to be called a monkey and so forth without asserting his dignity. Says "A Patriotic Frenchman," in a letter to the *Era*: "I expected at least that the Count would fight and kill, or at any rate seriously wound, this low-bred fellow, who outraged both the laws of society and a gentleman's feelings." So did I, sir! Your hand. Vive l'entente cordiale!

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PUSHBALL ON HORSEBACK
ROYAL HORSE GUARDS

CHASING DUMMIES
MOUNTED ON
FREE HORSES

SOME
FIGURES IN
THE GRAND PAGEANT
THE RISE OF THE
ROYAL ARTILLERY

RALPH BEAVER

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE "BRAW SCOT" IN LONDON.



TENTH ANNUAL GATHERING OF THE LONDON HIGHLAND ATHLETIC CLUB, AT STAMFORD BRIDGE ON WHIT-MONDAY.

SKETCHES BY W. D. ALMOND, R.I.



Colonel Younghusband's Escort—Conscription—The After-dinner Cigar.

OUR little force in Tibet is uncomfortably situated, for it is always annoying not to receive letters regularly, and no man likes to be deprived of his daily exercise, but the Tibetans are not likely to attempt anything more serious than an investment of the British camp. It is irritating to be shot at all day with one-pound cannon-balls, but it is marvellous how little real harm a bombardment of this kind does. The Tibetans have no talent for sieges as some of the natives on our Indian borders have, and, as the Mission is encamped in an open plain, there is no chance of the defences being carried by a sudden rush. The Tibetans missed their chances when they could not harden their hearts to attack on the two occasions when half the little garrison was away on an expedition; and Colonel Younghusband and his escort will spend an uneventful week or two looking at the Tibetans in Gyangtse Jong, and waiting for the column which is to maintain their communications with the outer world and enable the expedition to push on to Lhasa.

Tibet is a slow country in every way, and the two regiments which are to strengthen Colonel Younghusband's hands will be obliged to creep up and down the passes at the same snail's pace at which the original expedition advanced. The relieving column is not likely to be forced to fight, and it will drop here and there along the line of march small bodies of men to hold the most important points. When Colonel Younghusband is reinforced, he will, no doubt, frighten the Tibetans out of their fort—for it would entail a great sacrifice of life to storm it—and then, gathering up his tail of baggage-animals and carrying with him enough provisions and ammunition for all possible needs, he will set out on a flying expedition to Lhasa. We shall hear, I am convinced, of one big fight, at least, before he and his men arrive at the capital; but, when the British bayonets can be seen from the walls of Lhasa, the Lamas will very suddenly change their tone and will promise anything and everything if the English will not enter the city. Colonel Younghusband is not likely to give the monks the prestige of having turned back a British force, and all Asia will know in a marvellously short time that Lhasa is no longer a forbidden city.

Conscription is a bogey to all peace-loving Englishmen, and, though a Royal Commission has declared that compulsory service is a necessity if we are to defeat the foreign invader when he lands, I fancy that Great Britain will continue to "chance it," as she has done for some centuries, and to put her faith in the Navy and the rough weather in the Channel. Every soldier has his own plan for training the entire population to arms, and the report of the Royal Commission will stir up much talk in the smoking-rooms of the Service Clubs, but I do not think that the document will do more than accustom British ears to the words "compulsory service." Some even greater danger than was faced in the South African War will be necessary before the typical Englishman will give up a whole year to training in arms.

Some of the recommendations of the Commission will, no doubt, be carried out. A Volunteer is doing patriotic work when he should his rifle, and he should not be out of pocket by his patriotism. The Volunteers should certainly drill and manœuvre under the men who would lead them in war. Each Militia regiment has a permanent nucleus of non-commissioned officers who are on duty all the year round. The Commissioners recommend that there should also be a permanent commissioned nucleus.

The cigar carries all before it. The Goldsmiths' Company now allows smoking at its banquets immediately the Royal toasts have been drunk. The City Companies have held out longer than any other hospitable bodies against the practice of smoking while the wine is still on the table. This was out of consideration for the old claret which goes the round after dinner. The man who is smoking loses the perfect enjoyment of really fine Bordeaux wine, and he also prevents the man who is not smoking from enjoying it, for one lighted cigar in a room is enough to interfere with the tasting faculty of every man in it.

However, what Bordeaux will consider an unfortunate concession to smokers will please Oporto and Xeres, whose wines are not affected in the same way. Port has come into favour again as an after-dinner wine, and I read and hear a good deal of the revival of sherry, but I find that fine old after-dinner sherry does not make its appearance in many houses. I spent some days last year in Xeres, and the owners of the vineyards there lamented the decline of British taste in sherry. Much fine sherry goes to America and to Canada and to the North of Europe, but very little is shipped to England. I can thoroughly corroborate all that is said as to the light dry sherry which is drunk as a table-wine at Cadiz and Xeres and Seville. It is very agreeable

and not at all heady, and certainly I never heard of a Spaniard or an Englishman resident in the South of Spain who developed gout or rheumatism.

Now that the smokers have captured the last strongholds and can puff their cigars everywhere over their wine, I expect that they will next petition that the Royal toasts may be drunk at an earlier period of the dinner than that at which they are usually given. I have often seen at a public dinner a non-smoking Chairman sitting contentedly sipping his wine, forgetful that he must propose the two loyal toasts before the comforting words, "Gentlemen, you may smoke," ends the craving for the weed of every smoker at the tables. I can see no reason myself why the Royal toasts should not be proposed when the roast has gone round, for they would be just as loyally drunk then as half-an-hour later.

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THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
JUNE 4.

THE JAPANESE VICTORY AT KIN-CHAU:
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.

"LADY FLIRT," at the Haymarket;

AND

"HIPPOLYTUS," at the Lyric.

THE VICTOR OF KIN-CHAU:
GENERAL OKU.

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
JUNE 4.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL NOTICES.**TO ARTISTS.**

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Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.

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in length) and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories
are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.

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Gossip

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

TO-DAY, the King, following his usual custom, will honour Epsom with his genial and kindly presence. Of course, our Sovereign's most memorable Derby was that of 1896, when Persimmon won the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf," beating his own half-brother, St. Frusquin, by a length. That year was singularly lucky to the then Prince of Wales, for it was estimated that his present Majesty won something like twenty-seven thousand pounds in

stake money. Four years later, in 1900, our Sovereign won the Derby again, with his happily named Diamond Jubilee; the same horse won, in the same year, four other great victories, including the Newmarket Stakes and the St. Leger; and, more wonderful still, the King within the same twelve months carried off the Grand National with Ambush II., no other owner ever having had the good fortune to be successful during the same year both in regard to the greatest flat-race and the greatest steeplechase in the world

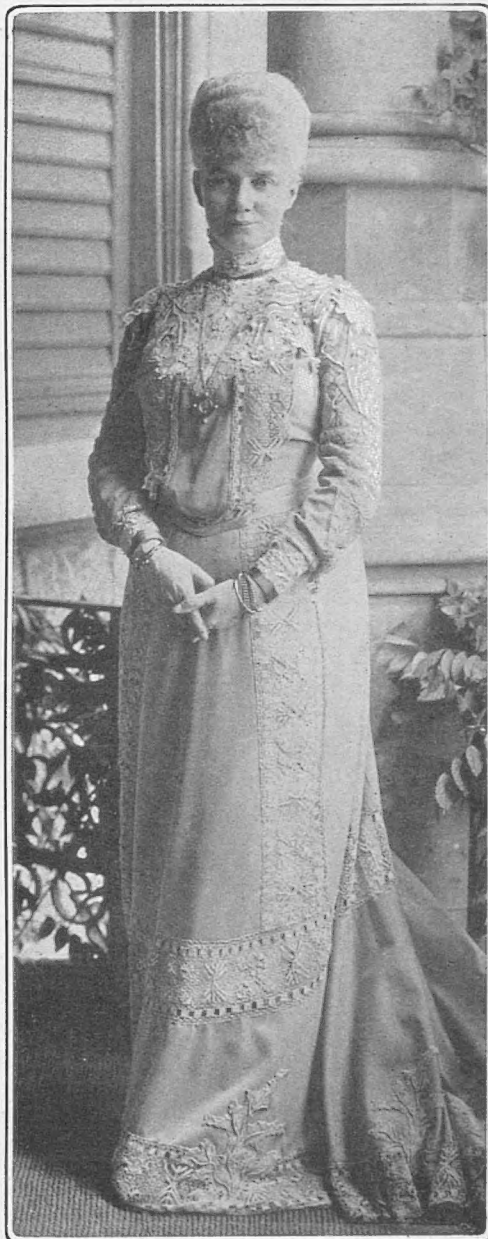
Derby Day Festivities.

Derby Day is one of unbroken festivity for both their Majesties. The King, on returning from Epsom, presides at what has been known for many years as the "Derby Day Dinner," which was, of course, held in old days at Marlborough House. The company present is almost entirely composed of those distinguished men who have some connection with racing and sport, and, perhaps to mark the unofficial character of the occasion, evening-dress, not uniform, is worn. To-night also is the only night of the year when His Majesty's sporting trophies, notably the Royal racing-cups, are all set out on the buffet of the great dining-room where the Derby Dinner takes place. While the King is entertaining his men friends, the Queen and Princess Victoria will dine with the Duchess of Devonshire, and later in the evening Her Majesty will be present at the dance which is always given at Devonshire House on Derby Day, and to which the King and his guests, including, of course, the Duke of Devonshire himself, will come on from Buckingham Palace after the Derby Day Dinner is over.

Next week will see one of the most interesting and notable Royal and Imperial gatherings held since the beginning of the century. Gmünden, the fairy-like Palace of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, will be the spot thus honoured and the scene of a charming Royal wedding, the high contracting parties being the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Princess Alexandra of Cumberland, the niece and namesake of our own gracious Queen. Her Majesty will be present, together with the Prince of Wales. The Emperor Francis Joseph and his venerable brother Sovereign, King Christian of Denmark, will be the chief guests, and many future Kings and Queens, including the Duke and Duchess of Sparta and Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark, will also be present. As most people are aware, the Duke of Cumberland is *de jure* King of Hanover, and, if right were might, he and his beautiful Duchess would now be reigning over a quaint old kingdom which was at one time merged in the British Crown. The Duke, who has now spent most of his life in splendid exile, softened by the respect and amity of the whole world, may, accompanied by his Consort, shortly pay a visit to this country.

NEXT WEEK'S ROYAL WEDDING: THE DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND, MOTHER OF THE BRIDE.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



Princess Alexandra of Cumberland.

NEXT WEEK'S ROYAL WEDDING: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (THE BRIDE) AND HER SISTER, PRINCESS OLGA (THE CHIEF BRIDESMAID).

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

A Peer's Marriage. The great London wedding of next week is that of Lord Acton, the good-looking son of a famous father, and Miss Lyon, the daughter of a popular Cheshire squire. The future Lady Acton is a girl after her celebrated father-in-law's

heart, for she is extraordinarily versatile, having great musical and literary tastes, while yet as fond of outdoor life and pursuits as are most of her contemporaries. Miss Lyon is an expert tennis-player and golfer, and at Cannes her fame as a tennis-player used to bring crowds of French visitors to the Club every time she played. The marriage will bring together the political, the diplomatic, and the Roman Catholic worlds, and the Brompton Oratory is admirably adapted to be the scene of a great wedding. There will be a group of pretty bridesmaids, including Lord Acton's sister and the Duke of Argyll's niece, Miss Elspeth Campbell, and both their gowns and the wedding-dress will revive the becoming modes worn at the Court of Marie Antoinette.

Last Stage of the Session.

The House of Commons has entered this week on the last lap of the Session. Hitherto it has had a great number of set debates, with long speeches on each side. During the summer days and nights which separate our legislators from the Twelfth of August the proceedings will chiefly consist of short, sharp encounters on amendments to the Government Bills. The skirmishers will then enjoy their opportunity, and Sir Alexander Acland-Hood and his colleagues in the Lobby must be vigilant if defeats are to be avoided.



NEXT WEEK'S ROYAL WEDDING:
THE GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN, THE
BRIDEGROOM.

Photograph by Fritz Heuschkel.

owe him a considerable debt if he makes motoring there as popular among his fellow-countrymen as he has made golf at home.

Dinner-Hours and Week-Ends.

Members of the House of Commons are not quite satisfied with their new rules. They dislike so early a sitting as two o'clock, because it means a hurried lunch, but many of them are unwilling to give up or cut short the dinner adjournment between half-past seven and nine. There is difference of opinion as to the half-day off in the middle of the week and the week-end. The House now has its short sitting on Friday instead of on Wednesday. This enables members to leave town on Friday for a week-end, but, on the other hand, some of them preferred a quiet dinner-party on Wednesday evening; and, according to Mr. Gibson Bowles, the new rule has changed the habits of Society. Perhaps he attributes too much importance to the House.

The Brain of the Great Exhibition.

The St. Louis Exhibition is a big thing even as Americans count big things, and its success is largely due to Governor Francis, who may be justly described as the brain of the whole gigantic enterprise. Mr. David Rowland Francis and his clever and charming wife are universally popular in Louisiana; as well as in the more cosmopolitan society of Washington, the capital of the United States, for Mr. Francis was President Cleveland's Secretary of the Interior in 1896. Like Mr. Cleveland, he was an "honest money" Democrat, and refused to be drawn away by the Bryanite heresy of free coinage of silver. A Kentuckian by birth, Mr. Francis will be fifty-four in October. While France, once mistress of Louisiana, was

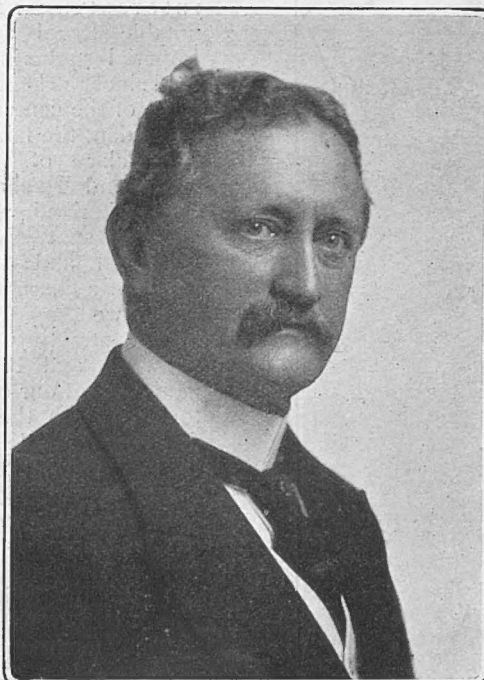
engaged in the terrible struggle with Germany, in 1870, this typically energetic American graduated at the Washington University, St. Louis. From a clerkship in a commission-house, he rose to be partner, and in 1877 he founded the D. R. Francis and Brothers Commission Company, grain merchants, of which he became President. To this he soon added large banking and other business interests in St. Louis, and was Mayor of that city for four years. Also for four years he was Governor of Missouri. Mr. and Mrs. Francis take a keen interest in charitable work of all kinds, and the former is President of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association.

Lady Helmsley, as, it seems, she prefers to be called, in that following the example set by various twentieth-century brides bearing courtesy titles of their own, should have before her a brilliant social future if only she inherits but half of her beautiful and clever mother's wonderful tact and charm. It rarely happens that a young married woman is called upon to fill the pleasant office of godmother to her own sister; this fate has, however, befallen Lady Helmsley, who has just stood as sponsor to the baby Lady Mercy Greville.

Warwick Castle has always been the scene of an exceptionally happy home-life. Lady Warwick is devoted to her children and has made herself their companion and friend to a rather unusual extent. She and her elder daughter have felt deeply the departure for the East of Lord Brooke, who is acting, not for the first time, as Correspondent for one of the great leading newspapers, but they hope to welcome him home again safe and sound in the autumn of this year, when many people believe that the war between Russia and Japan will be over.



LADY MARJORIE HELMSLEY: THE FIRST
PORTRAIT TAKEN SINCE HER MARRIAGE.
By Alice Hughes, Gower Street.



GOVERNOR FRANCIS, PRESIDENT OF THE
ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.



MRS. FRANCIS, PRESIDENT OF THE
ST. LOUIS WOMAN'S CLUB.

Photographs by J. C. Strauss, St. Louis.

Clan Fraser and its Chief.

Lord Lovat, who was lately the recipient of a remarkable presentation from the Clan of which he is Chief, and which has a branch in Ireland as well as in Scotland, is a fine, sturdy figure of a man, and, though he will be thirty-three in November, he is still unmarried, like his two younger brothers. He is of medium height, hard as nails, and bronzed with much travel in foreign lands. In the Fraser country, where is his splendid home, Beaufort Castle, he is adored by his gallant Highlanders, and, indeed, the Clan could not wish for a nobler-looking chieftain, for he wears the dark tartan, with the stag-crested bonnet and the Fraser sprig of yew, with inimitable grace. Lord Lovat is, of course, the head of one of the oldest Roman Catholic families of Scotland, though he does not descend from the traitor Lovat beheaded on Tower Hill, but from an earlier branch of the Frasers. His mother was a Weld Blundell, and one of his sisters is an aunt of the young Duchess of Norfolk. He was a schoolboy at Fort Augustus when he came in for the title and some hundred and eighty thousand acres. Magdalen College, Oxford, and the "First Life" followed, but did not satisfy the young Lord's energies. For the Boer War he organised a corps of Highlanders and gillies which, brigaded as Yeomanry, was given the name of "Lovat's Scouts" and did invaluable service against the "slim" enemy. For this he got his "C.B." and "D.S.O."

A Versatile Peer.

Nor, indeed, was South Africa enough, for Lord Lovat hunted in Abyssinia at a time when that country was less known than it is now, and had the honour of a long audience with the Emperor Menelik. On that occasion he had a volume of Stevenson in his pocket, for this versatile young man has a real love of literature. On his return home he delighted his Clan by delivering illustrated lectures on his wanderings, and he presented to the British Museum a fine collection of Abyssinian birds, quite a number of which were previously unknown to ornithologists.

Lord Lovat is a thorough sportsman, and encourages football, cricket, shinty, and, indeed, all manly games, on his estate. He was mercilessly chaffed by his friends last year, when he delivered probably the shortest speech on record in the House of Lords, namely, sixteen words! The fact was that Lord Lovat, who can really speak very well, was smitten with the same mysterious dumbness which afflicted Mr. Winston Churchill the other day.

Queen Helena of Italy.

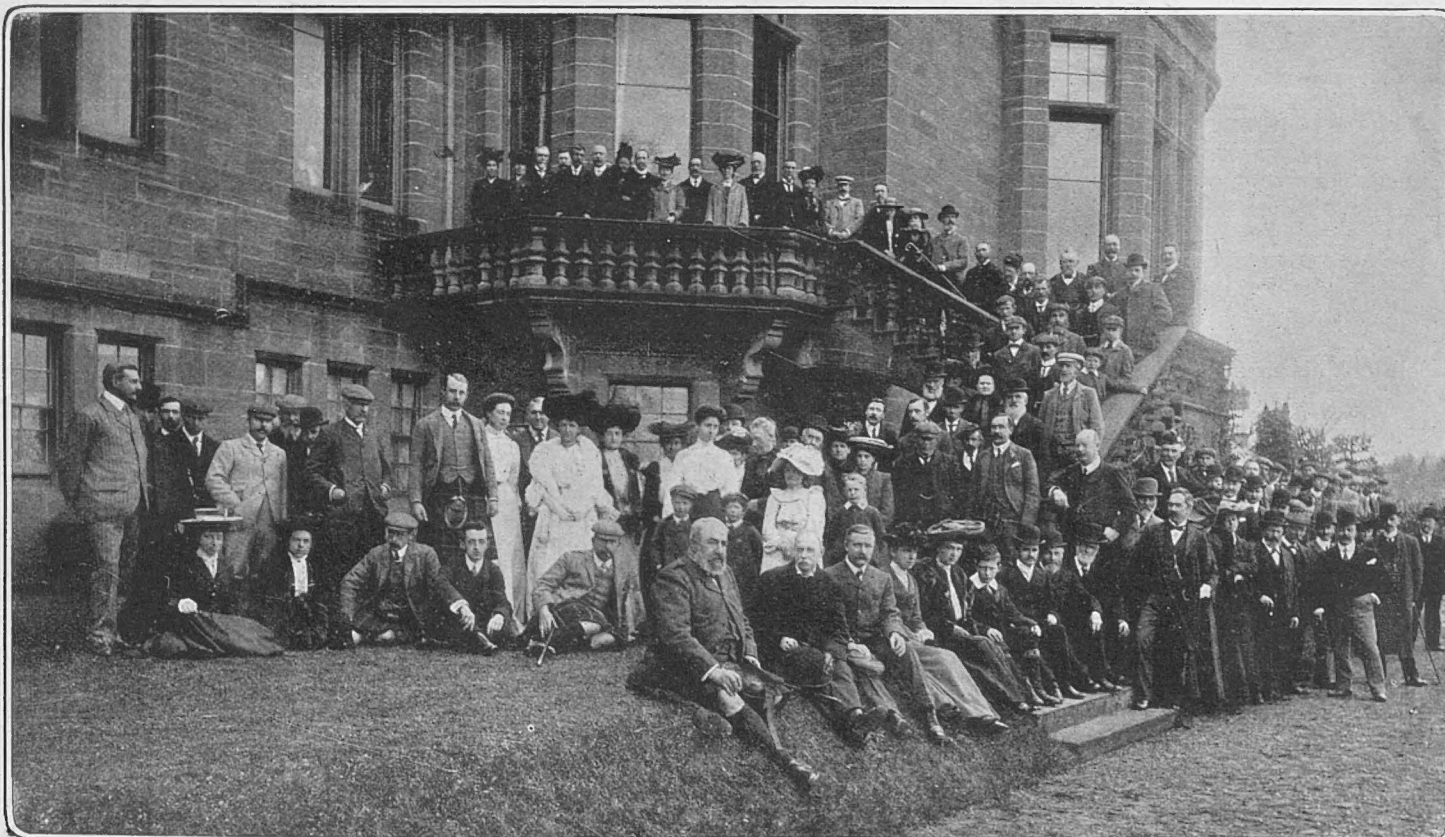
Great hopes are expressed in Italy that the baby which Queen Helena expects about the beginning of September will be a boy and heir to the throne. If the child is a boy, the Italians will never forgive its being born anywhere but in Rome, the capital of United Italy, but in that case the King and Queen would be in Rome on Sept. 20, and this, out of a generous consideration for the feelings of the Pope, they have always avoided. For Sept. 20 is the anniversary of the storming of Rome by the Royal soldiers in 1870, and the Sovereign has always spent that day away from his capital, to avoid even the appearance of triumphing over the Pope. Therefore the King has bought the Villa Ada, just outside the walls of Rome, near the Salarian Gate, and there the child will be born, at, if not in, Rome.

The Simplon Tunnel.

For some years past the boring of the Simplon Tunnel has been carried on both from the Swiss and from the Italian side of the mountain, and the engineers have now almost met in the centre of the Simplon. More than once the works have been interrupted by springs of water which have flooded the tunnel and have necessitated costly pumping operations. It was hoped that the works would be finished very shortly, but a hot spring has just been tapped which has completely stopped the excavating on the northern side. On this account the work will have to be carried on from the south only, and the result will be to retard progress and to prevent travellers from passing through the tunnel as soon as was expected would be the case.



LORD LOVAT, ORGANISER OF THE FAMOUS
"LOVAT'S SCOUTS."



GATHERING OF THE FRASER CLAN AT BEAUFORT CASTLE TO PRESENT A CASKET TO LORD LOVAT IN MEMORY OF HIS SERVICES
WITH "LOVAT'S SCOUTS" IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photographs by Whyte, Inverness.

King Edward's Holiday.

The King will take his holiday this year at exactly the same time as his schoolboy subjects, for he will reach Marienbad on July 27 to take his annual "cure" of the waters. It is expected that His Majesty will remain at Marienbad until Aug. 25, and during his stay he will be visited by the Emperor Francis Joseph, who will return the visit which the King paid to him at Vienna.

"God Save the King."

It is well known that the words of "God Save the King" are taken from the words of a hymn which used to be sung before Louis XIV. of France, but the music, it is agreed, was composed by one Dr. John Bull. Some industrious person, however, has been grubbing in the archives of the National Library at Athens, and has come across a manuscript which is supposed to be the hymn of Constantine Paleologus, the last Emperor of Byzantium. This composition, which dates from the fifteenth century, is said to be almost identical with the music of our National Anthem, and the inference therefore is that

Grand Duke has taken up his residence at the Palace of Rosenek, where he proposes to complete his recovery from the shock inflicted by the explosion of the *Petropavlovsk*. He is, I am assured, gradually recovering the use of his limbs, which were unfavourably affected by neuralgic and nervous pains directly attributable to the force of the explosion and his long immersion in the icy sea. It is stated that the Czar has withdrawn his former opposition to the union of the Grand Duke with the former Grand Duchess, but, up to the present, no official announcement of the expected engagement has been made. After the Czar, there are two lives between the Grand Duke and the throne of All the Russias—the present Heir-Apparent, and his father, the Grand Duke Vladimir.

Verestchagin's Last Drawing.

Talking of the explosion of the *Petropavlovsk*, I am reminded of the fact that the last drawing from the brush of Verestchagin, who met with his death on that ill-fated ship, has now reached Europe. It depicts a scene in Port Arthur. Admiral Makaroff is represented as the news



"THE FAIRY'S DILEMMA" AT THE GARRICK: MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH (THE LADY ANGELA WEALDSTONE).

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

Dr. John Bull took his air from that belonging to the last Emperor of the Greeks. There is, however, not the slightest reason to suppose that Dr. John Bull had ever heard this tune, which was lost from 1453, when Constantinople was taken by Sultan Mohammed II., to the present day, and so whatever likeness there is must be purely accidental.

Prince Boris's First Order.

Little Prince Boris, the heir to the troubled throne of Bulgaria, has, of course, several Orders conferred upon him by his father, but up to the age of ten years he possessed no foreign decoration. However, on his tenth birthday he received a telegram from no less a personage than the Emperor William, congratulating him on the day, and, what was even better, the telegram was followed by a packet containing a German Order. The Kaiser intends to play an important part in the drama of the Near East, and, like a wise man, he never loses an opportunity of ingratiating himself with the rulers or future rulers in that part of the world.

The Grand Duke Cyril.

The arrival at Coburg of the Grand Duke Cyril has revived the rumours of an impending engagement between the young Russian and the former Grand Duchess of Hesse (writes our Berlin Correspondent). The

is brought to him that the Japanese fleet is within striking distance of the harbour. He is discussing the intelligence with his Chief of Staff, and explaining his plan for the repulsion of the impending attack. The picture, which is executed with the mastery of expression characteristic of the dead artist, has been purchased by a Moscow dealer for two thousand five hundred pounds.

A Popular Bride.

Miss Florence Lascelles, the only daughter of the British Ambassador in Berlin, is to be married to-day to Mr. Spring Rice, the able Councillor of Embassy at St. Petersburg. Since the death of her mother, some six years ago, Miss Lascelles has played her distinguished part in the social life of Berlin with dignity and tact. No more striking testimony of her popularity could be afforded than the chorus of congratulation with which her nuptials have been accompanied. A few days ago, Miss Lascelles, with her father and Lady Edward Cavendish, were entertained at Potsdam by the Emperor and Empress, who presented her with a magnificent porcelain clock, manufactured at the Royal Works at Charlottenburg. After the ceremony to-day, some three hundred and fifty guests belonging to the official and diplomatic world of Berlin will be entertained at luncheon at the British Embassy. Subsequently the couple will leave for Finland, where the honeymoon is to be spent.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE FAIRY'S DILEMMA,"

MR. W. S. GILBERT'S NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK.



MISS DOROTHY GRIMSTON AS CLARISSA AND MR. O. B. CLARENCE AS THE REV. ALOYSIUS PARFITT.



MISS JESSIE BATEMAN AS THE FAIRY ROSEBUD AND MR. JERROLD ROBERTSHAW, WHO PLAYS THE DEMON ALCOHOL.



MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE (MR. JUSTICE WHORTLE) AND MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER (COLONEL SIR TREVOR MAULEVERER, BART.).

** Photographs by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.*

MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

FOR all the troubles that beset this world, our incapable Government is morally responsible. At least, the Radical contemporaries of my morning paper assure me that this is so, and their assurances have become so emphatic, as year follows year and finds their idols still in Opposition, that I begin to believe them. When the Japanese naval disaster was reported, I remarked to one of my fellow-passengers that, to first seeming, there was nothing in this that would justify an attack upon the Government by the Radical Press. Before I reached home in the evening I was undeceived. Taking the destruction of the *Hatsuse* for its text, one Radical contemporary was denouncing the Government for building large warships. The war in the Far East had proved that battleships were doomed and that victory belonged to torpedo craft. But the British Admiralty continued to build big ships; the First Lord did nothing to stop his colleagues. Hence it was clear, to the Radical paper in question, that the British nation is being sacrificed, its money wasted, its prospects imperilled, its reputation destroyed. The cure for the complaint would be the return of the Liberals to power, for they would stop all expenditure upon war, and thus produce peace automatically. At least, that was the impression I gathered.

The strict censorship of the official bureaux and the lively imagination of Correspondents leave me in some doubt about the exact condition and whereabouts of Admiral Skrydloff and the cruiser *Bogatyr*. At first, I read that the Admiral had gone up in a balloon to Port Arthur and that the cruiser had gone down on some rocks off Vladivostok. Then another liar—I mean, Correspondent—telegraphed that the Admiral was at Vladivostok, so I imagined that the *Bogatyr* had gone in the balloon to Port Arthur. Further news arrived showing that both Admiral and cruiser were safe and well, that the Russian authorities hoped to get both of them to sea very shortly, and, in the meantime, had taken away the cruiser's guns and fittings and had blown her up. So soon as they were convinced that all was for the best, they would make a statement about the matter. At time of writing it would appear that both the Admiral and the cruiser have gone ashore and that only the Russian military authorities are at sea. The battleship *Orel*, not thinking it worth while to take a journey of fifteen thousand miles before breaking or blowing up, seems to have done both at Cronstadt, thus saving considerable expense.

I suppose Cardinal Rampolla must be chuckling in his sleeve just now. He was a militant Secretary of State, in all conscience—a Vatican Bismarck, if not a Talleyrand—but he did not administer public snubs to Great Powers after the manner practised by the unfortunate Cardinal del Val. Reading between the lines of my morning paper, I realise the great delight with which the Vatican's *faux pas* has been received by enemies of the Church in France. It is common knowledge that the Pope has been cutting down expenses, but nobody suggested that he wished to carry economy to the extent of closing the Papal Embassy in Paris. Cardinal Rampolla went quite as far as Monsignor del Val when it served his purpose to do so, but he had the instinct for diplomacy that his younger colleague lacks. Personally, I hope that the quarrel will be patched up and that there will be no further trouble for the Church in France.

There was once a Peter who picked a peck of pickled peppers; everybody has heard of his task, and I, for one, have felt sorry for him. But by the side of the modern Peter who picked up nothing more than the Servian Crown, the hero of the peppers had quite a good time. Serbia's ruler has gone from bad to worse, and my morning paper writes of him in terms of pitying contempt. It would appear that he has dragged Serbia down to the lowest level of a Balkan State. Business is bad, credit is at an end, and no Serb is seen to laugh unless he has been ordered to do so by the military authorities. The ghost of murdered Alexander comes every night from Hec—aven to destroy King Peter's rest, and the last satisfaction and solace of unpopular Kings, war with a neighbouring State, is denied to Serbia's ruler because he cannot afford it.

I have my own opinion about these horrors, and I feel convinced that King Peter has brought them upon himself. It was bad enough to be party to the murder of a King, even though that King were Alexander of Serbia, but the crowning disaster was the expulsion of "Our Own Correspondent." One of these gentlemen has been turned out of Serbia, and now, naturally enough, "on horror's head horrors accumulate." If King Peter would make friends with the Press, Serbia would smile again of its own free-will, the cord that hangs outside King Peter's window to aid his escape from assassins might be cut, and the ghost would be laid.



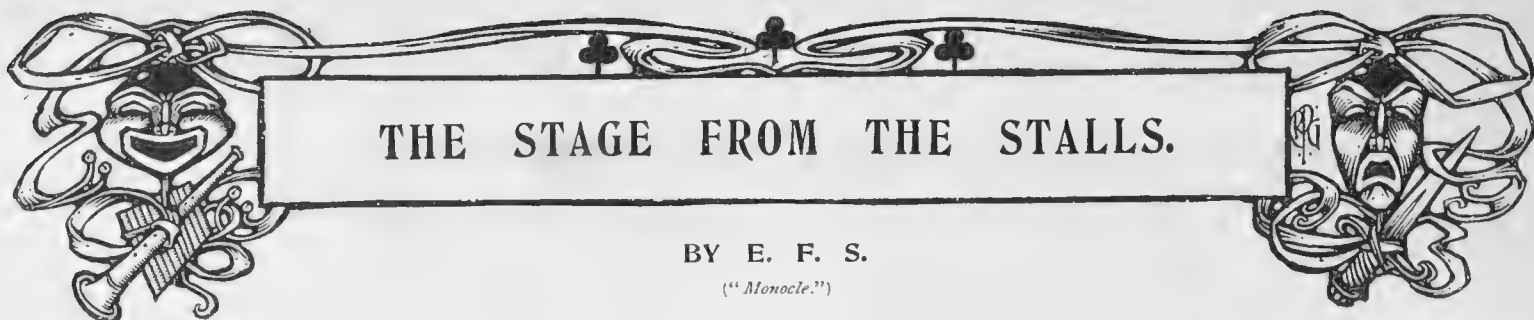
[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

THE PLAYBOOER'S DREAM.

THE CAPTURE OF GENERAL SMOLENSKI: EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL (IN LONDON).



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"TIMON OF ATHENS"—"VÉRONIQUE"—"LADY FLIRT"—"HIPPOLYTUS."

WHEN at the Court Theatre, watching gloomily the performance of "Timon of Athens," the thought came into my mind that perhaps Mr. J. H. Leigh had the deliberate design of showing to us what sort of joys may come to us if any of the many schemes for the subsidised theatre or State-aided repertoire house of drama be carried out. "Timon of Athens" is just the

kind of work which would be considered suitable for presentation. One can well imagine that, if it were neglected, paterfamilias would write to *The Times* to demand why a Government theatre neglected a drama by the national playwright merely because it did not draw. The fact that only part of it is Shakspeare, and that dispute exists as to which is that part, would not come within his range. There are many worthy folk who never consider the question of the authenticity of the work bound up in the ordinary orthodox edition, except that they cast occasional jests at believers in the Bacon



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON,
WHO WILL SHORTLY APPEAR IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF
MR. ZANGWILL'S COMEDY, "MERELY MARY ANN."
Photograph by Saroni, New York.

theory. Indeed, just as nine-tenths of respectable Christians believe blindly that there exists a genuine, indisputable copy of the Bible, with the different works duly signed and dated, and never consider for a moment the date of the earliest manuscripts of the Gospels, so, too, many accept as gospel the family Shakspeare, and argument as to the degree of irreverence permissible to the suspected works is deemed heretical. The Court Theatre production seems just the kind of thing one would expect, though the scenery, no doubt, would be a little more solid, and the heavy part of Timon would be put on stronger shoulders than those of Mr. Leigh, who, obviously, was not intended by Nature, nor has been trained by art, to present the very unattractive Athenian, in whom it is difficult to take any human interest, seeing that his good qualities, if any, are irritating. Of course, I know little of Athenian manners, but it seems to me that the generosity of Timon was exercised in such a tactless way as to be offensive. However, the plain question is whether the much-neglected play acts and is acted well.

The answer seems to me clear. It is lifeless as a play. Fine passages of dialogue add in a painfully small degree to the acting interest of a piece, particularly when their quality is chiefly rhetorical. A person unacquainted with the work would remain in a state of bewilderment, expecting vainly a growth of interest (or a beginning), and wondering what the scraps of incident related to. Despite the excellent work of Mr. Hermann Vezin as Apemantus, the cynical philosopher seems little more than a fierce curmudgeon. Alcibiades is a mystery in his main scene, the one with the Senate, which appears so casually as to seem to have been taken from another work; in it Mr. Frank Cooper made quite a "hit" by a spirited performance. There was plenty of sound acting, and some was noticeable, such as the Flavius of Mr. Charles Rock, but the house remained listless throughout. Very earnest, rather interesting as an experiment, and decidedly dull as a play, must be the verdict on a work which, but for the glamour of the name of the part-author, would never have been disinterred.

The other recent plays have all an unusually foreign flavour, and there was only a revival of "David Garrick" on Thursday evening

to remind us that once there was an Englishman who wrote for the stage. The first in order of time was "Véronique," a neat and graceful specimen of French light opera, which an English adapter, Mr. Henry Hamilton, has tried hard to reduce to the level of a musical comedy. But the composer stood in the way; and music is, fortunately, a thing which requires no adaptation. I have not been able to see in M. Messager's score quite all that has been declared to be there. I have heard better and more ambitious light music from native composers still flourishing. The melody is never very striking, and the orchestral and choral work is a little lacking in breadth; but there is nothing that approaches the commonplace, and a great deal of the score is very charming. And if Mr. Hamilton's dialogue, the lyrics, some of them above the average, by Miss Lilian Eldée and Mr. Percy Greenbank, and the humours of Mr. George Graves, Mr. Fred Emney, and Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, attract the musical-comedy public into receiving a couple of hours' education in light music as it should be written, Mr. George Edwardes will have done a notable service to a languishing art.

"Lady Flirt," at the Haymarket, is also made in France. It is hardly likely to do a service to anything in particular, except to the cause of harmless entertainment. For that it is very well adapted indeed. I use "adapted" in both senses. It is, no doubt, useful and necessary to remind the authors and Mr. Cyril Maude, as they have been abundantly reminded, that the Count with a foreign accent, the erring wife, the compromising letter, and the heroic friend are all many, many years old. But they probably knew all that before they were reminded, and it is only fair to dwell for a little on the ingenuity and skill with which the stale old story has been worked up into a highly amusing farcical comedy. It is true the play's success (I think I may assume that it will be a success) depends to a large extent upon some very excellent acting; but, even apart from that, it is a model in its stage-management of a mild and entirely artificial intrigue. MM. Paul Gavault and Georges Berr are apt pupils of the school of Sardou, and it is something to meet with even a foolish thing done well. Whether the Sardou methods deserve to be perpetuated is another matter.

Mr. Cyril Maude, as a conventional comic Frenchman, appears in what is for him an unusual rôle. It presents no difficulties to him, and the result is quite as funny as we might have expected if it had ever occurred to us to think of him doing it. It is in its outline, of course, a purely farcical character, but he has so many witty things to say, and knows so well how to be witty without saying anything, that he almost succeeds in lifting it into the politer atmosphere of comedy. Miss Ellis Jeffreys, the light-hearted, sensible English woman of the world who rescues her foolish friend from his clutches, is, like most of the persons of the play, a conventional type; but to her we can forgive anything, and she does her best to make up for what is, of course, the fault of the authors. Mr. Fred Kerr, as a bronzed lion-hunter, equally sensible and quite irresistibly manly, helps the entertainment along, and Mr. Edmund Maurice and Miss Beatrice Beckley make the most of the rather colourless parts of the husband and wife.

Of the third foreign importation, the "Hippolytus" of Euripides, I have no complaint to make. There may be a suspicion that it is sternly educational. It may be educational, but I deny the sternness, and should welcome more Euripides if we can have with it such poetry as Professor Gilbert Murray's translation, and such acting as is provided by Mr. Granville Barker, Miss Edyth Olive, and Mr. Alfred Brydone. The play was bound in any event to be interesting; but it turned out to be far more, for it acted magnificently and must have shown even to the non-classical that the greatness of the ancient dramatists rests upon something more than mere tradition. The thing with which one naturally compares it is the recent production of "Everyman," which, beautiful though it was, had not the same continuous and intense dramatic interest. More nearly akin to it is Racine's "Phèdre," in which Bernhardt is usually seen at her very best; and, even with the preponderating weight of Bernhardt on the side of the Frenchman (if I may lump the plays and the performances of them together), I should have little hesitation in giving the prize to the ancient Greek. In the simple dignity of its theme and the rare beauty of its poetry, this performance of "Hippolytus" is one of the most remarkable things that London has seen for a very long time.

MISS EDNA MAY IN HER MOST SUCCESSFUL RÔLE.



AS ALESIA IN "LA POUPÉE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MRS. LEE HANKEY.

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"LORD AND LADY ASTON."

By E. H. COOPER.
(Nash. 6s.)

In his latest story Mr. Cooper has deserted for the moment those delightful studies of child-nature for which he has become famous in favour of his first (literary) love—the British Turf. Although there is one delicious scene in which two young men try to teach a baby to walk, the book is, on the whole, devoted to the delineation of grown-up character. Mr. Cooper certainly has the



MR. PERCY WHITE,

WHO HAS WRITTEN A CLEVER SOCIETY STORY FOR "THE SKETCH" SUMMER NUMBER (PUBLISHED JUNE 15).

Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.

happyknack of drawing real live people and of making them talk and act as real people do. Lord Aston is a man, no longer in his first youth, who devotes his considerable abilities solely to racing. He chooses for his bride a singularly clever, exquisitely pretty child of seventeen or so, who marries him partly to escape from her father, a pompous clerical ass, partly because in her ignorance she expects thereby to mix with intellectual people. As it happens, horse-racing not only bores her, but fills her with keen shame and horror for the dishonesty and wretchedness of which it seems to be the manifest cause. Husband and wife drift apart, a wicked French Marquis insults her, a duel with Lord Aston follows and brings reconciliation at last. But it would be a shame to reveal all the plot. Suffice it to say that the ending is happy. If the Anti-Gambling League had any sense, they would burn all their stock of tracts and pamphlets and would circulate thousands of copies of "Lord and Lady Aston" instead. For it is really a merciless study not only of the rascality which surrounds the Turf, but also of the ruin which the gambling fever brings to humble homes. At the same time, the book is by no means a "novel with a purpose." We are shown the Turf impartially from every point of view—from Lord Aston's pleasant house at Newmarket as well as from the cottage of the drunken Neal—in order that we may understand the thing as it really is. The descriptions of Lincoln on the day of the Handicap and of the Ascot Week are extremely vivid, and, at the same time, help on the development of the story. The life at Newmarket is also realistically portrayed, and the reader makes acquaintance with—and can, perhaps, put real names to—Mr. Radcliffe, of the Cambrian House Stables; Mr. Andrews, of the Lime Kiln Stables; and Mr. Richard Lunn and Mr. Dan Ashley, the great bookmakers, standing out against a picturesque background of jockeys and apprentices. Altogether, an admirably constructed, thoroughly interesting book.

"THE LETTERS WHICH NEVER REACHED HIM."

(Nash. 6s.)

The public, who bought and discussed "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," have become not a little suspicious of collections of *post-mortem* correspondence. "Made-up," is the scornful comment. As for these present letters—we will politely assume that they are genuine—they are not exactly love-letters. The writer, married to a man worse than dead, for he was suffering from a lingering mental disease, has a great friend, an explorer in China, to whom the letters were addressed. The husband dies, and the friend endures in Peking the siege of the Legations, only to be killed in gallantly rescuing a comrade on the very eve of relief. The writer, who then seems fully to realise her love for her friend and his for her, pines away and dies. It is her brother who receives these letters which never reached the wanderer, and who has now given them to the world. It is not for us to criticise his decision. The letters are so clever and charming, and they reveal so much of the inner nature both of the writer and of her correspondent, that we regret continually, as we read, the pitiful fate

of these two kindred souls. This lady is a cultivated woman of the world, and her comments on the whole human comedy are shrewd and often caustic. The greedy scramble for concessions in China particularly excites her disgust. Her pictures of American society, of which she shows impartially both the worthy and the unworthy sides, exhibit the breadth of her sympathies and her power of humorous appreciation. Erroneous, she declares, is the view "that American society is like a clear soup in which only a few Vanderbilts swim about like so many dumplings." The scene changes to Germany, and immediately we are shown an unforgettable portrait of a man, to the world simply an old German Professor, but to this seeing eye an absolute reincarnation of an ancient Greek sage or a contemplative Abbot of the Italian Renaissance. The letters are full of good things, and through them all runs the keenest perception of natural beauty and of the picturesque.

"A GREAT MAN."

By ARNOLD BENNETT.
(Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

In describing his latest work as "A Frolic," Mr. Arnold Bennett is a little beside the mark: "A Satire" would have been a more justifiable definition to have chosen. "Frolic" is too light, too ephemeral a word, for Mr. Bennett caricatures without going to extremes; he is a literary Keene or Leech rather than a literary Rowlandson or Gilray; a tolerant satirist rather than a wanton jester. Not once does he outrage possibility. To his credit, also, is the fact that, having succumbed to the temptation omnipresent with the novelist, the desire to deal with his own class and craft, he has contrived to emerge with his work untainted by the faults common to so many efforts of a like nature. His author, his literary agent, and his publisher are likely to long hold their own as types of their respective professions—and not altogether without reason. All three are vastly amusing, and all three are perfectly comprehensible to the lay mind. Henry Shakspeare Knight, the first of the trinity and the "Great Man," whose genius comes out concurrently with the measles, and whose first story, beginning "Babylon! And in Winter!" and ending "Babylon in winter. Babylon!", goes the round of the publishers, is issued eventually, is slated by the *Whitehall Gazette*, gains a prodigious circulation, and leads to popular fame, is delightful. Equally true are Mark Snyder, the ingenious agent who, for a consideration, engineers the author's successes and initiates him into the mysteries of serial rights and American rights, and Onions Winter, the blatantly Arty-and-Crafty publisher who finds that the story has "that indefinable something—*je ne sais quoi*—that we publishers are always searching for," and issues it in his judiciously advertised "Satin Library" at the sign of "Ye Shakspeare Head," in Leicester Square, "between the Ottoman Music Hall and a milliner's shop." On these three creations the book rests. There are others drawn with equal ability, but they are mere pawns in the game, useful only as supporters of the chief pieces. Altogether, "A Great Man" is a worthy successor to "Anna of the Five Towns" and "Leonora." It is less a novel, in the ordinary sense of the word, than either the one or the other, but it is equally notable. A single fault alone mars the production—a fault that it is to be hoped will be remedied in the subsequent editions the book undoubtedly deserves. The incident of the burial of the manuscript under a load of spring onions and the consequent connection with its publisher's name are "cheap," and lamentably out of keeping with the rest of the matter—even in "A Frolic."

"GARMISCATH."

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.
(Blackwood. 6s.)

Mr. J. Storer Clouston is an admirable writer when he is free to follow his own bent. His last novel, however, gives one the idea that the author had just risen from an exhaustive study of Scott, and particularly of "The Pirate," when he sat down to construct "Garmiscath." The study of Scott, of course, is not to be decried, but its disadvantages are manifest when it leads a modern novelist to adopt a style that, however good, is antiquated, and a *modus operandi* that is no longer tolerable. We almost expected to hear Mr. Clouston address the "dear" if not the "gentle reader." The pity of it is that he had got hold of a good theme, if it had only been handled in a manner consonant with the conditions of the present day novel. The story of the proud Orcadian laird and his collisions with his humbler but equally proud neighbour, the Odaller (or small landholder) Garmiscath, is of the right stuff, and Garmiscath might very well be set beside Sir Walter's Magnus Troil in the gallery of Orcadian portraits. The Sheriff and the factor, too, are genuine Scottish portraits, but we are disappointed in the love-story of Edith Melville, the great laird's daughter, and Hugh Garmiscath, the Odaller's son. How Mr. Clouston hopes to hold our sympathies for the blundering pair and how reconciliation between them is at length possible it is hard to conceive. And the novelist, for the sake of former good work, and of good work that must still be in him, must not make aristocratic girls, such as the Melvilles, talk in the creaking phraseology of Scottish pupil-teachers. "Garmiscath," which might have been a masterpiece, comes perilously near failure, and all for want of a little manipulation.

THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

AN OLD ACTOR'S STORIES.*

JOHN COLEMAN'S last performance will probably remain longer in our memory than any other. As an actor his success was qualified, as a manager he was unfortunate. His nature, charming though it was, did not make for prosperity; but, as was inevitable, such a life as his was full of interest, and, happily, he had an



MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

From a Drawing after Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Reproduced by permission from "Fifty Years of an Actor's Life." (Hutchinson.)

eye for a good story. In two breezy volumes he gives us a glimpse of the ups and downs of an actor's life in days belonging to the old school, and throughout the pages one is pleased by the cheery optimism and boundless self-confidence of the man. Zangwill has complained that the actor is a bad mathematician because he thinks the part is greater than the whole, but, in sober truth, this defect is the actor's salvation. For John Coleman might have earned a steady living amid conventional surroundings, and shared the joys of Bank Holidays and the sorrows of the rate-collector's visits with the rank-and-file of his fellow-men, but even in boyhood he preferred to strut upon the stage in return for a poor salary not too promptly paid. He had days of feast and days of fasting, made love to women and fought with men, and, when he comes to tell his own story, stands well in the centre of the stage, with as much limelight as he can endure without blinking, and that is more than most could face. A strict sense of proportion would have altered the character of the book and taken most of the charm away.

There was plenty of variety in John Coleman's life, and he met many of the worthies of whom our fathers or grandfathers delight to talk. In the days of his youth he was taken by his father to see Tom Moore, found the poet "a little fat man, with grey, curly hair, bright, sparkling eyes, and a celestial nose," and expressed his admiration by falling on his knees. In times when engagements had yet to come and the next meal was an uncertain thing, he walked in the Park and saw young Queen Victoria, Sir Robert Peel, the great Duke of Wellington, Count d'Orsay, Napoleon III., Benjamin Disraeli in the first flush of youth and brilliant waistcoats, Palmerston, and Bulwer-Lytton. He acted in Ireland with the Keans, and has plenty of amusing tales to tell, but it would not be fair to quote them here. There are colour and emphasis about all the stories, in quantities suggesting that the veteran actor might have done more with his pen than he did. Stage ladies and casual acquaintances who provided his early days with free meals are always charming and beautiful; rogues,

whether they be school ushers, bad-tempered managers, or jealous actors, are out-boxed, out-fenced, and reduced to complete collapse in a couple of sentences. And, withal, these little extravagances do not repel the reader, they merely tickle him.

The old-time actor has thought so deeply about himself and his work that he is assured of his claim upon the attention of the rest of the world. I remember having a chat with an old tragedian who had been a barn-stormer in his early days, and I had occasion to refer to the year 1870. "I'll never forget that year, sir," he said, "and there are thousands who will remember it." "Tens of thousands," I admitted, thinking of the Franco-German War. "Well, perhaps you are right," replied the veteran actor, "for tens of thousands must have witnessed my extraordinary success in——". But I will not name the play, or I might give the good old man away. Suffice it that he was assured of the importance that '70 derived from his fine performance. Something of this spirit peeps through John Coleman's book, and but for it the trials and troubles of the early years must have proved insupportable, even allowing for the fact that they have lost nothing in the telling. And he confesses that he did no more than "tread upon the heels of the old strolling times."

Comparatively few of the men and women whose names are found in Mr. Coleman's book achieved distinction; but, as the author has something interesting to say about most of them, they are not out of place. On the other hand, he met some of the great favourites in days or nights when their stars had not risen within sight of the Metropolis. As they step across the pages, one seems to see a collection of grown-up children, fond of flattery, jealous, inflammable, seeing little farther than the theatre, convinced that they were born to play leading parts, but, at the same time, "human at the red-ripe of the heart" and moved very readily by distress.

Perhaps the flavour of the book is preserved by the writing, which smacks of stage-land in days before the stage was quite fashionable. The narrative is full-blooded, italics and inverted commas are plentiful, emphasis is not spared, there is more than a suspicion of slang, such words as "epicene," "adipose," and "yclept" are too common, but there is nothing one would wish to see altered. For John Coleman's book does more than note some incidents of a strenuous life, it gives a picture of times that will not return, and, could he come forward now to take his "call," no reader of his pleasant record could refuse to swell the volume of sound that is the actor's exceeding great reward. S. L. B.



JOHN COLEMAN.

Photograph by Sarony, Scarborough. Reproduced by permission from "Fifty Years of an Actor's Life." (Hutchinson.)

* "Fifty Years of an Actor's Life." By John Coleman. 2 Vols. (Hutchinson and Co.)

"DO WE NEED THE ACTOR?" A FLIPPANT DISCUSSION.

LONG before that memorable night when Peg Woffington—most bewitching of women—rushed into the Green-room of Drury Lane Theatre; while the great audience was thundering its applause after her exit in one of her most successful scenes as Sir Harry Wildair, and exclaimed, in a transport of delight, "Half the audience believes I'm a man," the fascination of wearing "bifurcated" garments has been overwhelming on the part of the female section of the theatrical profession. Were it necessary to add a link to join pretty Peggy's time with our own, it could easily be done, for a well-known actress, now retired from the active service of the stage, noting what seemed to be an epidemic of plays in which actresses assumed masculine attire, remarked, "I have never seen anything like it. The girls all seem to be wanting to put on men's clothes on the stage because they can't wear them off it."

If we survey the world theatrical from its China to Peru, using the two countries of the familiar quotation to typify the varied types of beauty which its actresses afford, earnest playgoers cannot fail to note how scarcely a player of the first distinction has failed to wear what in the old burlesque of "Rob Roy," at the Gaiety Theatre, Mr. Edward Terry used to designate generically as the "what's-is-names."

It may be laid down as an axiom that every leading lady at one period of her life yearns to play Rosalind in "As You Like It," though whether it is because of the opportunity the part affords of wearing tights for four-fifths of the play may be open to argument. The reason why Shakspeare so often disguised his heroines in masculine garb is, no doubt, due to the fact that he was limited to them for his leading ladies, and he got them into male attire when he could. Indeed, though Shaksperian authorities have conspired to ignore the fact in considering the order in which the plays were produced, it throws a by no means improbable light on the class relationship of Rosalind and Portia in point of time, backed up, as it is, by the relationship of Celia and Nerissa.

The boy who was the leading lady of the Company at the time "As You Like It" was written and produced must, we know, have been "more than common tall," and Shakspeare was too astute and practical a dramatist to have disguised Portia as a boy if the impersonator of the part would have looked ridiculous or undersized in male attire. Besides, both women are fair: another point in their resemblance. On the other hand, we know that Celia was "low" and Nerissa was "a scrubby little boy," facts which, perhaps, the average manager ignores in casting these plays; but they are worth considering, all the same, from the point of view that they, like Portia and Rosalind, were originally played by the same boy.

The actresses who have played Rosalind are many. They include Mrs. Kendal, whose doublet was almost as long as a petticoat; Miss Julia Neilson and Miss Ada Rehan, as well as Mrs. Langtry, Madame Modjeska, and Miss Violet Vanbrugh. Jaques was the first part Mr. Bouchier played as a professional actor, and, for the sake of Mrs. Bouchier no less than for himself, he may, one day, be tempted

to revive the play at the Garrick and give West-End audiences an opportunity of seeing his accomplished wife in a fine Shaksperian part.

"As You Like It," indeed, offers an almost convincing negative reply to the question whether we need male actors, for, on more than one occasion, both in England and America, it has been acted by women who have been agreed to "disguise fair nature," if not "with hard-favoured rage," yet with long beards, to trick the audience into the belief that they had really acquired these eminently masculine attributes in addition to the costume which makes for "freedom."

That "Twelfth Night" is closely related to the comedies above-named is exceedingly probable, and the actresses who have recently appeared as Viola include Miss Viola Tree, the accomplished daughter of a more accomplished father, Miss Lily Brayton, her predecessor in the part at His Majesty's, and Miss Ada Rehan, as well as, among the older generation, Miss Ellen Terry, who also "boyed" it—if the expression may be allowed—as Imogen. As for the women who have cast longing eyes on Hamlet, from Madame Sarah Bernhardt down, they have before to-day been the subject of a whole article, and another could be written about female Romeos, among whom Miss Esmé Beringer, who wore her black Court-suit with such an easy grace in "A Man and His Maker," was the last in London.

As for more modern plays which make masculine demands on female figures, their name is legion. Did not Mrs. Patrick Campbell play a youth in "The Fantasticks" and Miss Gertrude Elliott and Miss Ethel Barrymore act a boy in "Carrots," while Miss Ellaline Terriss and several equally charming ladies put on knickerbockers and jackets in "The Amazons"? Did not Miss Millard wear the boy's light-blue suit in "Lady Ursula's Adventure" for hundreds of delightful nights at the Duke of York's, and was not her example followed in the provinces by Miss Ida Molesworth, who returned to London and Wyndham's Theatre as "a malapert boy" in "The Sword of the King"? Miss Dorothea Baird, too, who has acted many of the Shaksperian parts calling for male disguise, like Rosalind and Jessica, has also appeared as a herd-boy in special performances at the Savoy, of "The Swineherd," while Mrs. Beerbohm Tree has played Zanetto in an English version of "Le Passant," and Miss Harriet Jay was the original Tom Chickweed in "Alone in London." When it comes to musical plays, it is hardly necessary to think for a moment to recall Miss Evie Greene as Prince Carlo in

"L'Amour Mouillé," Miss Marie Tempest as San Toy, and the many other representatives of that part, Miss Sybil Arundale in "Lady Molly," Miss Violet Lloyd as a Messenger Boy, Miss Margaret Fraser as a Gordon Highlander, to say nothing of the "principal boys" in the pantomimes.

If only some enterprising manager would cast a play with all women, and prove conclusively that we do not need the male actor, he would probably make a fortune in a short time. Incidentally, however, he would need to possess many extraordinary qualities. But then his Company would be extraordinary, and no ordinary man can manage an extraordinary combination.



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS HAMLET.

Photograph by Otto, Paris.

"DO WE NEED THE ACTOR?"

(SEE ALSO OUR CONVINCING SUPPLEMENT.)



MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS "SAN TOY."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, who returns immediately to her English home in Kent, has written a new story, entitled "In the Closed Room." It is to be published serially in *McClure's Magazine*, and, doubtless, arrangements will be made for its publication in this country.

The new novel by R. W. Chambers is entitled "In Search of the Unknown." It relates the adventures and entanglement of a young man who went to Florida to study science, and found other things much more exhilarating.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has made another collection of his short stories, and has given them the title "Bred in the Bone." His former collection of tales was brought out in 1894, and was named "The Burial of the Guns."

A writer on Belgian life in town and country devotes some special attention to Belgian women. He eulogises their thrift, cleanliness, and capacity for work, and notes that they take particular care of their hair and dress, the skirts never being below the ankle. When on errands they go through the streets looking neither to the right nor to the left, while the men take their time and gossip. In fact, the Belgian women perform one half of the work of the country, and do so very naturally and cheerfully. They appreciate the dignity of labour, and their happiness lies in their work and in their capacity for doing it. One of the most typical characters in the life of the towns is the "Patronne," the wife of the proprietor or the proprietress herself of a restaurant or café. She sits or stands behind a kind of bar which is prettily decorated and which provides a commanding post of observation. The waiters carry the orders to her, and she passes them on through speaking-tubes to the kitchens or wine-cellars.

One of the innumerable writers on Japan signalises the fact that Japanese customs are very often entirely opposite to our own. In a book, the end comes just where we put the title-page, while the foot-notes are printed at the top, the lines running downwards instead of crosswise, from right to left instead of from left to right. A dinner is served on the floor, and the first course is dessert. You mount a horse only from the right-hand side, and the animal stands in his stall with his head where the tail ought to be. Boats are hauled on the beach stern first. Carpenters pull their planes and saws instead of pushing them, and when using the adz they cut from themselves instead of toward themselves.

The Japanese, according to this authority, have no nerves. What would drive a Westerner mad, or cause physical suffering, will leave no more trace of disturbance on a Japanese face than on a bronze forehead. Among the special characteristics of the Japanese, suspicion, frugality, shrewdness, industry, and politeness are emphasised. Comparing the Chinese and the Japanese, the Chinese are pronounced to be ethical and the Japanese æsthetical. The flower of the older civilisation is filial piety; that of the younger, beauty. Though facially alike, the Chinese and the Japanese are radically distinct. The former seem densely stupid, and the latter alert and quickly perceptive. Yet, while the Chinese have been great originators, the Japanese are but clever imitators, with the possible exception in the field of fine arts. "If they have ever created anything outright it has not been shown. The Japanese is shrewd; the Chinaman is deep."

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton carries a breeze with her. Whatever she writes invariably provokes discussion, and her last utterance has given rise to quite a lively controversy. She has written an article in the *North American Review*, in which she condemns the American literature of the day as conventional and craven. There are those who agree with her, and one bold individual declares that "a time will be when the present American literature will be a joke, not because of its ignorance, but because of the classical solemnity with which such ignorance advertises itself The American author is a coward bullied by craven critic. The latter, sitting near his tea-caddy and two lumps of sugar, has with impertinent fastidiousness wheezed forth the rules and regulations which have made our apron-string authors the victims of a thousand 'don'ts.'" He goes on to make a fresh use of such words as "pumpkin-headed." Are things really so bad? Is "Senator North" a particularly conventional book? I think there is at present quite as much outspokenness and daring in the new American books as in the English, though, doubtless, the new England conscience, surviving New England dogmas, has markedly restrained certain French, Italian, and Scandinavian developments in the United States.

It is good news that Mr. W. L. Courtney, of the *Daily Telegraph*, is to put together his *Essays on Maeterlinck* in volume form. Few men have given more earnest and sympathetic attention to Maeterlinck's remarkable career than has Mr. Courtney. He knows not only Maeterlinck, but the men who were with him from the beginning, men like Le Roy and Van Lerberghe. These were Maeterlinck's fellow-students and intimate friends, and each has made some mark, though they are not known to English readers. They are all concerned with the sub-conscious personality, and all lovers of death as the best and most lasting of sleeps. Mr. Courtney is one of the most indefatigable of journalists, but he finds time for the study of much that is not immediate material for copy.

Mr. Harry Furniss is about to publish a new volume of *Confessions*. It will be illustrated, of course. Mr. Furniss's young daughter is beginning to make herself known as an illustrator of stories.

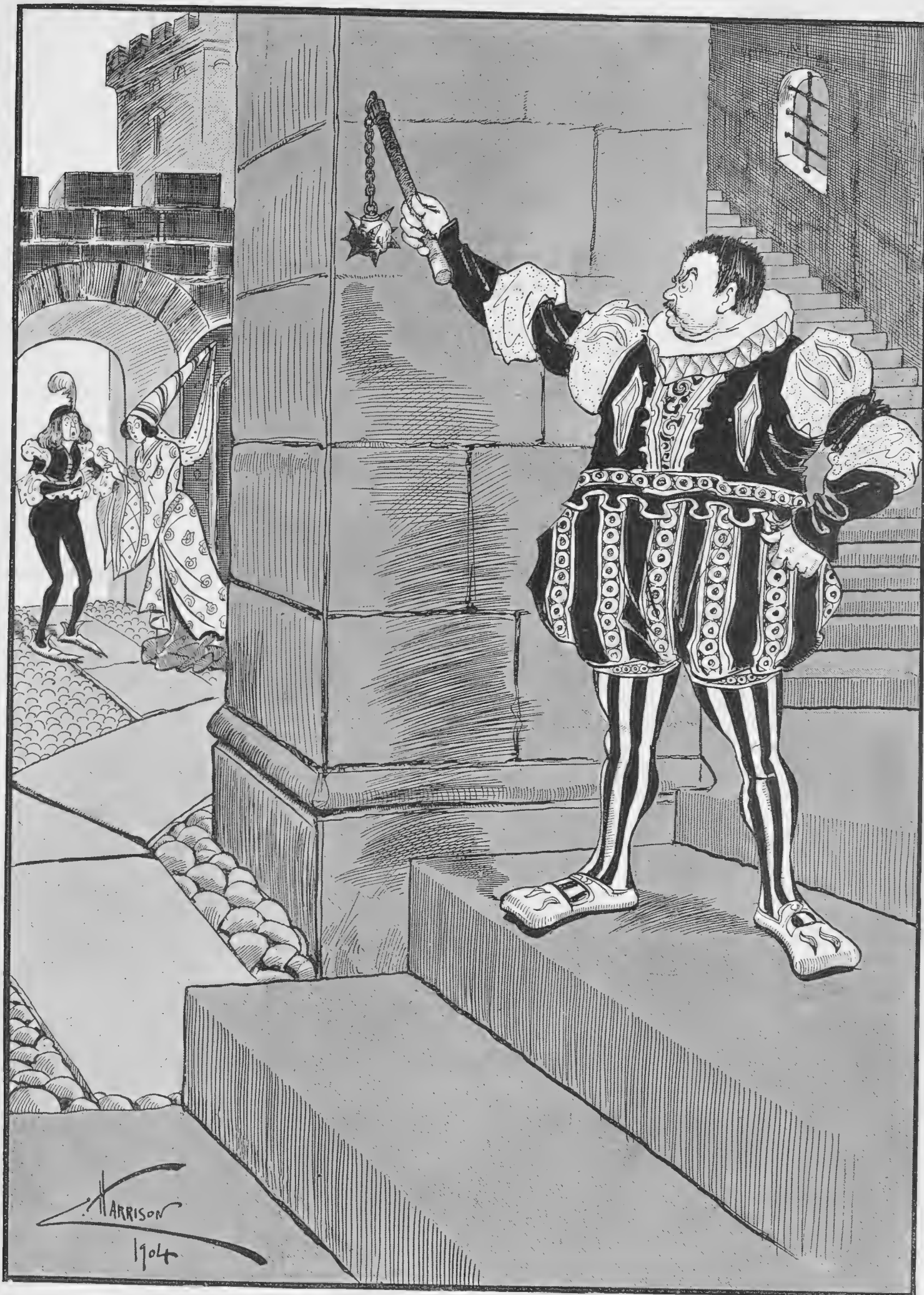
Mr. Swinburne has at last fixed on a title for his new volume. It is to be called "A Channel Passage, and Other Poems." Surely this is the most uncomfortable title ever given to a book. But Mr. Swinburne is an excellent sailor, and probably does not see it. By this time Mr. Swinburne must have accumulated enough materials for another volume of *Essays*, but I understand that his next book in prose will be his study of Shakspeare. This will be a work of permanent value and authority. In none of his critical work does Mr. Swinburne appear to more advantage than in his *Essays on Shakspeare*.

O. O.



DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.

THE HUMOURIST AND MEDIÆVALISM.



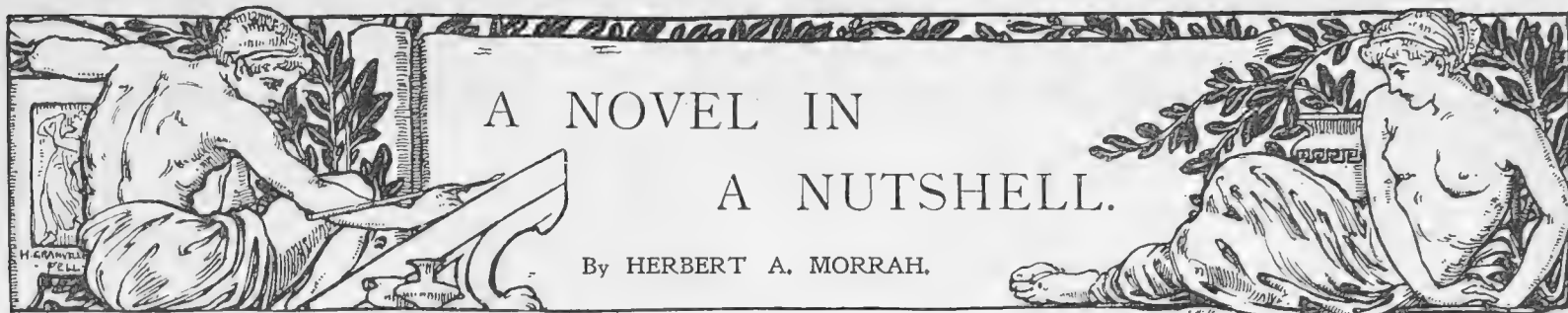
IN THOSE DAYS: 11.30 P.M.

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.

"BOYS FISHING": AFTER THE DRAWING BY JOHN HASSALL, R.I.



"COULD YOU OBLIGE ME WIV A WORM; PLEASE, LADY?"



WISDOM IN THE WILDERNESS.

"It is a perfect wilderness!" said Lady Lydden. The tall, broad-shouldered man laughed lightly.

"I don't know that you haven't an advantage there. You can show your ingenuity by changing its character, and excite the admiration of your neighbours by displaying the quality of your own."

Lady Lydden, swiftest of thinkers, lifted a pair of dark eyes and looked very straight at the speaker.

And this man was a house-agent! It hardly seemed possible. She thought, as one Illustrious Personage did of another, that she had never met anyone so amusing in her life. But how pleasant it was to deal with a man who did not cringe!

"You can, of course, take it or leave it," he added.

On the other hand, fair moustaches were among Lady Lydden's aversions.

"Yes," she said, "I think I must, Mr. Dobree. It won't do at all."

"You haven't seen the stables yet."

My Lady's interest revived.

"So you guess my weak point?"

"We call it strength in this country," he answered. "We've a first-rate Master. The going last winter simply smashed the record."

"I was in Ireland then."

"Chessington isn't Ballymachree, of course, but, for an inferior island, it's pretty fair. Here are the stables."

"But they're splendid! Why didn't you show them at first?"

"We keep the best to the last. That, you know, is business."

Lady Lydden hated business.

She had a book of vows somewhere stowed away in the multitudinous effects which since Sir Christopher's death had reposed in dim recesses of the Harrow Road, and in this book, a cherished relic of not far distant girlhood, were certain tremendous undertakings. Never to marry a man for his looks, for instance. Sir Christopher's visage had been of the gnarled or bossy type—a bit of British oak, hewn from the rough.

Never to marry a man in business: that was another maxim.

"I suppose you have to think of those things," she murmured, with an air of complete detachment.

Dobree smiled pleasantly.

"I am a pioneer," he said. "If I didn't take a keen business view, I shouldn't get very far."

"A pioneer? That sounds as if you might want to conspire against rural calm."

"So I do. There is too much of it."

"They showed me a more idyllic house near Bursingford."

"The Old Grange. I know all about *that*!" Dobree observed, genially. "You will be something quite new there. Hitherto it has been the peculiar appanage of damp and dowagers."

"I am a dowager," said Lady Lydden, sweetly.

"We business-men are poor hands at figures of speech, Lady Lydden. But, if you wouldn't misunderstand my motives, I would urge you—I would entreat you—not to go to Bursingford."

"I will think it over," she said.

He drove her back into the town at a clinking pace. She liked the look of the quiet Chessington Market Square. Suddenly her eye caught the inscription over a business-house: "Golden and Dobree, House Agents." It gave her quite a shock. Then her thoughts stopped on the "Golden." That was a good omen, like the sunshine.

They drove over the level-crossing and reached the station.

"I will think it over," she repeated, as he opened her railway-carriage door. Then the train moved on.

For three weeks Dobree heard nothing.

Then came a telegram—

"*Chessington Place will suit me perfectly.*—*Sylvia Lydden.*"

"A woman who never *thinks* things by halves!" Dobree reflected joyously. "That's the sort to deal with. If one could imagine oneself put to it, here might be some fun in aiding her notions—better still, perhaps, in breaking her opposition down."

He whistled over it.

But this was anticipating with a vengeance. Was he likely, in the first place, to know her? Lady Lydden hardly thought so.

As a matter of fact, Edward Martin Dobree knew his own value, and Chessington knew it too. The difference between his own status and that of the new fair lady who had come into his life was entirely on the surface. After all, he was a good sportsman who wore his

breeding with an air. But, of course, it might very naturally fall out that there should be a certain amount of frigidity towards him.

So, assuming the defensive well in advance of probabilities, he set to work to cultivate the wilderness.

The work went slowly.

Lady Lydden, once she appeared at Chessington, was not capricious. But she had money to spend, and she meant to get value for it.

"And I always think, Mr. Dobree," she remarked, on the occasion of one of his daily visits when two months had drifted by, "that where a woman has a sort of position to keep up, she is bound to do things better than the common crowd."

"Which is stupid enough not to respect us for ourselves," he said, with an absent air.

"You are criticising me!"

"Should I so presume? My business, to-day is with your gas-fittings."

"Well, there is some sense in that. I warn you that I am in an explosive frame of mind."

"I think I have a match about me."

She saw the light in his eyes, and changed the subject sharply.

"I have decided on the electric-light. Please give me the benefit of your advice about these rooms. You see we are getting quite ship-shape. I am giving a tea-party here to day. I love a picnic."

He glanced at the tea-table and saw that the picnic was for two.

"Captain Blaine is coming over from Bursingford," she said.

He started.

"We shall want two hundred and twenty for the light if you have it throughout," he observed.

"Your calculations are rapid."

"They have a way of turning out correct," he said. "After all, a business training counts for something."

Business, always business!

"Captain Blaine," she said, "will be here almost immediately."

"He is my cousin."

"He—he has never mentioned it."

"He wouldn't! We are not on speaking terms. People who care for me do not mention my name in his hearing. They think too much of my feelings, with, perhaps, a little regard for his own."

He chose to speak in enigmas.

"I will, of course, send you a proper estimate," he said, as he bowed himself out.

Down the drive, Blaine and he passed within a yard, but did not hail one another.

The picnic was quite a success. Donald Blaine made violent love, and when Sylvia Lydden looked at him she wondered how she could resist him. He was just her ideal of a man. Head, shoulders, profile, complexion: quite perfect. And his position. Just the right thing.

And yet there were two queer things about her attitude. She did not respond to his declarations except with raillery. She did not mention the name of Edward Dobree.

Blaine admired the house, the new plans, the scheme of decoration.

"Of course, you got a London man to do all this," he said. "All the people down here are absolutely worthless."

Lady Lydden said nothing.

He pressed her hand at parting. She did not exactly resist it.

"Of course, of course," she responded to his entreaties, "we shall meet again!"

"I could imagine myself alive at Chessington, dead anywhere else," he declared.

Then she hurried back into the empty house, and wished that things were different.

Dobree, meanwhile, was wondering how long things would last. The house was nearly ready. There would be fewer chances of meeting her after that. A chance might come in the hunting season. But she was constantly dropping hints that their acquaintance would shortly come to a natural end.

The reigning lady at Chessington Place would not have much in common with the junior partner in the firm of Golden and Dobree.

He said as much to her the next time he saw her.

"I am an outsider by fact but not by nature," he added.

"It is always well to look facts in the face," she chose to reply, frigidly, whilst inwardly she called herself a brute. But irritating letters from candid friends were worrying her. By them her little

comedy was called a farce. They told her Dobree was impossible. On the other hand, it would be the manifest duty of any sane woman to look with a favourable eye on the owner of Bursingford Hall.

Perplexing world! . . . She resolved to see Dobree no more.

The next day she blundered through a sort of farewell.

"I shall always be so grateful for the trouble you have taken!"

He was not disconcerted.

"For my part, I am glad to think that I prevented you from going to Bursingford."

"I may go there yet," she said, lightly.

"I do not think you will," was his reply.

A year passed. Lady Lydden took her rightful place and became popular. Blaine was in the same world; Dobree was not. That he figured largely in the public life of Chessington was not a fact likely to be known in Lady Lydden's circle, which had a perfect horror of public usefulness, and, naturally enough, drew a strict line at a name painted up in the local market-place. And, somehow, those happy hunting-days never came off.

Blaine, on the other hand, was obviously making all the running.

"He thinks he has only to say the word and he can be master of any beautiful woman." So gossip said. The two met everywhere. Once, and once only, she dared to ignore an unforgotten warning. Curiosity would be satisfied, and she mentioned Dobree's name to Blaine himself.

"I heard he was your cousin?"

"One hardly keeps reckoning of such relationships. His father married beneath him."

Here, at last, was one fraction of the unguessed secret. But Blaine abruptly turned the conversation.

"You never come over to Bursingford now."

"Have I been asked?"

"As if you needed to be!"

She coloured up with a definite apprehension.

"When are you coming for good and all?"

She was silent. He repeated the question hastily, passionately.

"Give me a week," she said.

During that week the fires of life burned very brightly in Sylvia Lydden's heart. She fully intended to marry again. And yet—

She wished she could get that other man out of her head. But no; that was not really what she *did* wish. She wished he would *do* something to break the barriers down.

At times, as the week drew to an end, emotion took hold of her. She wished she had never seen Chessington Place. She hugged her present life as a precious thing, and yet, in her heart of hearts, she longed to change it.

In the end it was a little thing that helped her.

She sat alone one evening, trying to read. Suddenly the electric-light failed.

She was all in the dark. It seemed to be an allegory of her life.

Happy thought! Candles and a post-card—a post-card to Dobree.

He drove over the next afternoon. How well he looked!

"Yes," he assured her; "I have had a very prosperous year. Things are looking up in Chessington. And you?"

"It is still a wilderness," she sighed.

"It would not be if you were wise. But rumour says you are—otherwise. Am I to take it from your own lips?"

"Is that a riddle for me to guess?"

"They say you are engaged to Donald Blaine."

"Do you want to congratulate me?"

"Do I look like it?"

"It is untrue."

"Then I think I can restore the light without much difficulty."

He made a swift inspection.

"So, that is soon settled. And the next thing?"

"May I ask you a favour?"

"Twenty."

"I've no one to drive me into Chessington, and go I must."

So they drove in together.

All the time she heard two voices. "Be a woman of the world, Sylvia Lydden!" said one. "Let yourself go; it is your happiness that is at stake!" said the other.

What justification had she to think as she did of this man? He *was* nothing. He had *done* nothing.

But he described the places they passed, and she, who had lived here unobscervantly for a year, realised that he *knew* things.

"People call Chessington dull," he said, "but you and I know it isn't."

"I thought so at first."

"But you don't now?"

"To-day my brain is all in a whirl."

"That's it," he laughed, and his whip went "swish." "It's the Chessington zest. The effect is mainly on the sight. Of course, you pass through some confusion first. It is only natural."

"I wish I understood your reading of Nature."

"It is very simple. I think we are in the world to do something. I intend to be the maker of modern Chessington."

"It sounds almost ambitious."

"So it is. And isn't every woman ambitious?"

"In a sense, yes."

"But it all means business, Lady Lydden."

"I suppose it does."

"In that field we just passed is a gold-mine."

"A gold-mine for Chessington?"

"A gold-mine for me."

"You intend to do great things!"

"If such things are great, I have done them. I am not very sure they *are* great."

She nearly cried out a retraction of her whims there and then.

They were in the town. The level-crossing was in front of them. An express was due. The big gates were closing. A little gate at the side, used by pedestrians, was still open, and people were crossing and recrossing as they drew up.

"Careless!" he said. "This is the worst crossing in England."

Hardly had he spoken than another cry escaped him. He leaped from the cart and flung her the reins.

"Hold those!"

A little old lady had slipped through, and was slowly making her way across the line. The train came roaring on.

The gate on his side went to with a click. There was a confused sound of men's voices wildly shouting. The old lady was deaf, and did not hear. Dobree vaulted over the gate.

In a second, he had his arm round the little old lady's waist. But she seemed bewildered; she did not understand; she was rooted to the track, and the train came pounding on.

Sylvia shut her eyes. The wind shook the gates; she felt it ruffling her hair. She clutched the reins, and her heart stood still.

Then she looked up. At first she saw nothing, and felt sick. And then she realised that the little old lady was saved.

There was tremendous excitement. A crowd clustered round. Sylvia waited. She saw them helping the old lady, still bewildered, across the road to the shelter of a chemist's shop.

In a little while she drove across.

After a few minutes had elapsed Dobree came out to her.

"It is all right," he said, cheerfully.

"I am so glad! You gave me such a fright."

"Providence walks abroad in Chessington," he laughed.

"It was splendid, splendid! And for a stranger, too!"

He drew himself up.

"No, not a stranger," he said, with a queer look of challenging pride. "That lady was my mother."

And she remembered. . . . "*One hardly keeps reckoning of such relationships. His father married beneath him.*"

"Then it *was* Providence!" she said, aloud. "I am so glad, so overjoyed, Mr. Dobree! Won't she let me congratulate her? I mean, if she is up to it?"

She alighted, and he led the way in.

"Mother, this is Lady Lydden."

The old lady was herself again. She flushed with pleasure.

"I am grateful to you, my dear," she said, in response to Sylvia's anxious inquiries. "It is very troublesome to be a deaf old woman."

"We ought to be better acquainted, Mrs. Dobree. Won't you come out and see me some day? I've been dreadfully neglected since I came to Chessington by the people best worth knowing."

They talked for a while like old friends. Then the old lady announced that she was all right and would walk home.

"Stuff and nonsense!" she said, in answer to all offers of help. "There's nothing whatever the matter with me, Edward. Attend to Lady Lydden."

Within a quarter of an hour, the necessary shopping done, they were driving back to Chessington Place.

"But aren't we going rather a long way round?" she inquired, innocently.

"I want to go round by Bursingford," he explained. "There is much I want to show you."

And as they drove in the glorious sunshine, with the cool, fresh wind whistling in their ears, he poured out the story of Chessington as he chose to read it, now and in the future. He had a finger on every point of the map. The place was actually growing under his hand.

"Is Mr. Golden a very clever man?" she asked.

"Golden is a myth," he said. "I am really alone."

They passed the lodge-gates of Bursingford Hall.

"Why do you sigh, Mr. Dobree?"

"I was thinking of Blaine. One hardly knows if he is to be pitied or envied."

"It is a beautiful property."

"He only lives here on sufferance."

"Whose sufferance?"

"Mine."

"Then I am sorry for him."

"Do not be too sorry. He has always said that he will marry well. If he did, it would be a case for envy."

"Could you be jealous?"

"You know I could be! Prosperity, what is it? You know I have that. You see what is coming to me. And I could show you more. But these things do not count."

"What does?"

"You know what does. Sylvia!"

"Speak on."

"I may call you that? Why, the only thing that counts is that a man should know how to find his way into one woman's heart."

"You have found your way into mine," she said.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. ALFRED AUSTIN'S little *jeu d'esprit* of sending his one-Act play, "A Lesson in Harmony," to Mr. Arthur Bouchier without his name has naturally been a matter on which much comment has been made. It has even been vaunted in the Press as a proof that the managers of theatres do read plays. Presumably they do, but it is an equally admitted fact that they will keep a manuscript for many months without looking at it. Indeed, the stories which authors tell of the delay to which they have been subjected, and even of manuscripts which have been lost, are proof positive that it is not all *couleur de rose* in the life even of the anonymous author.

Mr. Austin's experience not only suggests Mr. John Lane's recent publication of "The Manuscript in the Red Box"—could his action have been inspired by that circumstance?—but it calls to mind a story

Dr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Hall Caine, and Mrs. Craigie (who, by the way, makes an interesting distinction between her dramatic work, which is chronicled under her own name, and her novels, which are always announced under her pseudonym, "John Oliver Hobbes") occur to the mind at once. They are followed by Mr. E. F. Benson (whose play, "Aunt Jenny," Mrs. Patrick Campbell has not yet offered to a West-End London audience), "George Fleming" (Miss Constance Fletcher's pseudonym), Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, Mrs. Oscar Beringer, Mr. R. O. Prowse, Mr. Richard Pryce, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Then come the novelists who are the cause of plays in others, notably George Meredith (whose "Diana of the Crossways" was announced for production in America some little time ago), Miss Marie Corelli, and Mr. Stanley Weyman, as well as Mr. Kipling and Mr. John Luther Long;



Dot (Miss Muriel Ashwynne). Bella (Miss Claire Romaine). Mabel (Miss Lettice Fairfax).

A SCENE FROM "THE MONEY MAKERS," AT THE ROYALTY: DOT CORRECTING THE ADVERTISEMENT THAT MAKES MONEY—AND ALL SORTS OF TROUBLE.

Photograph by F. W. Burford, Great Russell Street.

of one of the great French authors, who asserted his belief that a play without the hall-mark of a famous name on it had little or no chance of being considered. In order to verify this theory, he announced his intention of sending out his next work under an assumed name, to see if it would find a home on its merits. There is no record, however, of such a play having ever been produced.

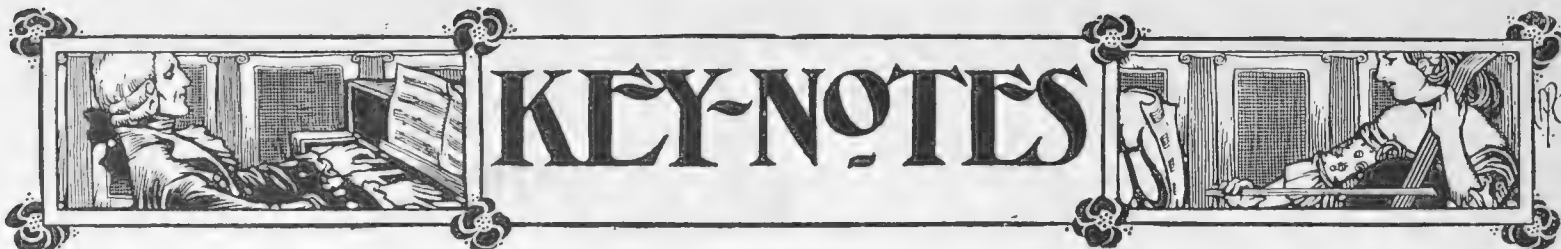
The truth of the French proverb that "we return to our first love" is exemplified by the announcement that Mr. Max Pemberton's four-Act comedy, "The Finishing School," is to be produced on Saturday week at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, which closes after Friday evening's performance of "La Poupée." It is the best part of twenty years since he and Mr. W. Lestocq collaborated in a comic opera called "Juanita," and in a one-Act play, which probably exists in manuscript, though it was never acted. Since then Mr. Pemberton has gone far and succeeded greatly both as novelist and editor, and, as he is one of the best-liked men in the literary world, there will be innumerable and unadulterated good-wishes for his success as a dramatist with a comedy which fills the whole evening's bill. It is interesting, too, to recall that a play of his has been talked of for production in America.

Mr. Pemberton's advent draws attention to the large number of novelists who are turning their attention to the stage. The names of

while among the modern Immortals are Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. W. D. Howells, and Mark Twain.

Some discussion, not of the anonymity of journalism in general, but of dramatic journalism in particular, has been heard in the Green-room during the last few days apropos of certain criticisms which have appeared and are believed to be the work of critics who also write plays. Why because a man does write plays he should bring a biased judgment to the work of other people is not at first sight apparent. Still, the point is one which is by no means infrequently insisted upon among those who live behind the scenes. The feeling has been summed up by one important personage in the theatrical world in the following words: "If I were a newspaper proprietor, the moment I knew my dramatic critic had written a play I should discharge him." He explained that, while it did not follow that a man would be unfair to other dramatists, yet he laid himself open to the charge, and that especially if he happened to write plays which were not always successful.

It is a curious thing, but it is nevertheless a fact, that comparatively few of the plays of dramatic critics have achieved any remarkable measure of success—when those plays have been original. Let it be distinctly noted that the word is "plays," and is not intended to include musical comedy.



THE fourth Concert of the present series of Philharmonic Concerts was given a few days ago, Dr. Frederic Cowen, of course, being in the position of conductor. The Concert opened with an interpretation of Elgar's new Overture, "In the South," which was recently heard at Covent Garden during the "Elgar Festival." It is a

magnificent piece of work, one part in particular proving the composer to be the artist of most exquisite beauty, for in this passage the musician has built it up upon the grandeur and the greatness of ancient Rome. Herr Fritz Kreisler took the solo part in Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and at times played with exquisite beauty, though at others his tone was, perhaps, inclined towards thinness. This was most noticeable in his rendering of the *Allegro*, where he certainly did not display that rare beauty of style with which this player is, in one's "mind's eye," invariably associated. Mr. Gregory Hast was the singer of this occasion, and sang Schubert's "Der Doppelgänger" and Richard Strauss's "Allerseelen" with great distinction.

Walthers. In the rôle of Eva, Frau Egli did not come up quite to one's expectations. In the famous Quintet of the third Act she completely broke down on the sustained high note (B-flat, to be quite accurate), which left one with a sense of failure and which rendered it somewhat difficult to get back to the splendid atmosphere of the former Acts. Herr Reiss, as David, is to be congratulated, in so far as he realised the character and sang remarkably well. Herr Krasa was the Beckmesser, and played it very much on the ordinary conventional lines, while Frau Hertzler Deppe was quite good as Magdalene. Dr. Hans Richter was the conductor and gave an exceedingly fine rendering of the opera, from an orchestral standpoint.

COMMON CHORD.

M. Léon Delafosse, the celebrated French pianist, has recently played in Dresden and Brussels, also in Vienna, appearing at the Philharmonic Concert. In Constantinople he played before His Majesty the Sultan, who made him a Commander of the Medjidie, and he has appeared several times in Paris at the Colonne and Lamoureux Concerts. At his Recital in London in 1897, at the St. James's Hall, he was assisted by Madame Sarah Bernhardt. M. Delafosse will give his second Pianoforte Recital in the St. James's Hall on the afternoon of June 16, at three.



M. LÉON DELAFOSSE,
WHO WILL GIVE A PIANOFORTE RECITAL AT
ST. JAMES'S HALL ON JUNE 16.

The programme also included Glazounow's Symphony (No 6, in C Minor), and Dr. Cowen throughout the Concert displayed great energy and spirit in his most successful effort to bring out all that was best in the Orchestra.

A few nights ago at Covent Garden we had a performance of Gounod's "Philémon et Baucis" and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." Signor Caruso sang the part of Canio for the first time this year. His voice is indeed remarkable, for it was noted on this occasion by everybody that it was informed by a passion and an intensity which were both quite unique. It was a distinct pity that he sang the beautiful song at the end of the first Act a second time, for it went a long way towards destroying the illusion which distinguishes this portion of the opera. Fräulein Destinn was again the Nedda and was especially good, and Signor Scotti as Tonio, Herr Reiss as Beppo, and M. Seveilhac as Silvio were all successful in their respective parts, Signor Mancinelli conducting both operas admirably.

On Saturday, May 21, Mr. Charles Manners opened his season of English Opera at Drury Lane with a performance of "Faust." The orchestra, which was conducted by Mr. Eckhold, was placed beneath a sort of gelatine awning which Mr. Manners had had put there in order to make the orchestra blend more nearly to the voice; it is a great drawback, however, that this substance has a most dazzling effect to the eye, for it reflects every light that passes across the stage. A little before the rising of the curtain, Mr. Foxton Ferguson came forward and gave a short lecture upon the story of "Faust." Then followed a very good all-round performance; the Chorus is especially to be congratulated, for they both acted and sang with great spirit. Madame Fanny Moody took the part of Marguerite; her voice is fresh and true, but it was a trifle monotonous, for the tone, though very sweet, never varied. Mr. Charles Manners was the Mephistopheles, and sang extremely well; but we certainly think him too conventional. As Faust Mr. Joseph O'Mara was most successful; he sang finely and was quite romantic. Miss Gertrude Alexander took the part of Martha, Mr. William Dever that of Valentine, and Mr. F. Clendon that of Wagner. As Siebel, Miss Teify Davies was very charming, her singing in the Garden Scene being quite good.

The first performance this season of "Die Meistersinger" was given at Covent Garden recently, and down to the end of the Prelude to the third Act it was a most interesting and excellent interpretation. The first Act was exceedingly good; Herr Van Rooy, in his well-known interpretation of Hans Sachs, both sang and acted with great dignity, and was in every way wonderfully good. As Walther von Stolzing, Herr Herold sang with distinction. In his singing of the rejected song in the first Act his easy method was quite noticeable, and in the second Act he was remarkably attractive. Perhaps his vocalisation was not quite heavy enough for the part, but that may be, perhaps, only in comparison with some of the more historical



AN ENGLISH PORTRAIT OF MADAME KIRKBY LUNN.
Taken by James H. L. Hyatt, the Rembrandt Portrait Studio, Mortimer Street, W.



The Great Race—Glasgow to London—The French Trials—Acetylene.

THE Races Committee of the Automobile Club appear to have resolved the choice of the drivers and cars for the representation of Great Britain in the Gordon Bennett race into something like a farce. For reasons which have no foundations in the published conditions of the eliminating trials, but solely because they appear to have got a bad fright over Earp's accident, they bar that driver and his car from selection ten minutes after the occurrence, although it had been announced before and has been stated since that the team to run in Germany would not be decided upon until after the return of the Races Committee to town. The automobile interest generally are aghast at this sudden resolve, which, if the experts are to be believed, robs us of any sort of chance in the big race. It is said that no car which cannot exceed a speed of eighty miles per hour over a test kilometre or mile is of any use for the Taunus race, and that this is so is fairly well proved by the results of the French eliminating tests. Therefore, the cars, or all but two of them, that took part in our own trials are useless for this purpose, and will only make a show *pour rire* if they start on the Taunus course. Both with regard to the Isle of Man track and the decision *re* the cars, the Races Committee appear to have effectually ruled us out of the "G. B."

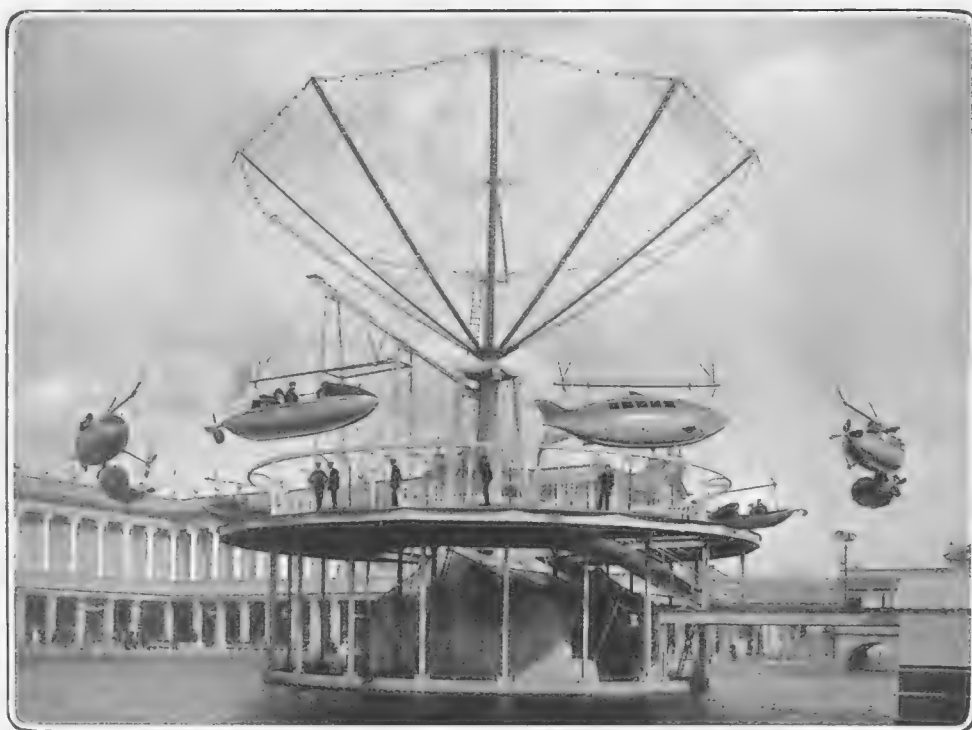
A test or trial of touring cars which was in every way satisfactory, and the awards in connection with which may be taken as a guide in selecting a vehicle for purchase, was the Glasgow to London Two Days' Reliability Trial, concluded at the Automobile Club on the 20th ult. The total distance by the route followed was 413½ miles, the minimum running-time being 22 hours 55 min. Though the trial is termed a non-stop run, engines were purposely arrested no less than three times, for lunch on the first day, again at night at Leeds, lunch again next day, and, for those that were kept waiting, at the foot of Woodcock Hill, between Elstree and Barnet, the scene of the timed hill-test. But, from start to finish, any attention to the cars, save to replenish oil and water, caused loss of marks, mishaps to tyres included. Personally, I think deductions made for ordinary tyre-mishaps on the road bear rather harshly against the automobile manufacturers. The test is a test of car mechanism, the tyres not being competitive items. I am and have always been of opinion that, so long as the engine is kept running, time occupied in tyre-repairs should not be accounted against the car.

At the moment of writing, eight cars have been certified to have made non-stop runs, but, so soon as the observers' reports have been thoroughly scrutinised and verified, others will be added to the list. The cars successful to the moment are the 6 horse-power Wolseley, 10 horse-power Argyll, 12 horse-power Light Eagle, 12 horse-power Arrol-Johnston, 14 horse-power Renault (1904), 12 horse-power Sunbeam, 18 horse-power James and Browne, 20 horse-power Thornycroft. The 16-20 horse-power Martini, driven throughout by Captain Deasy, had the bad luck to suffer deflation of both back-wheels at one and the same time, with a consequent delay of forty-odd minutes, though the engine never ceased rotating. The 16 horse-power Sunbeam also, a grand car, had very bad luck, for, after making a most successful run to the foot of Woodcock Hill, the driver, in an excess of zeal to make a rapid ascent, muffed his gear-change and clutch, stopped his engine, and then, misunderstanding the suggestion

that he might return and make an exhibition climb, went over the mark without waiting for the word and so missed being clocked. Messrs. Marston, of Wolverhampton, will, therefore, have to rest content with the most satisfactory performance put on by their 12 horse-power Sunbeam.

The results of the French eliminating trials, held on the Circuit des Argonnes, has, with regard to the first and third cars, proved something of a surprise, even to the initiated. As a matter of fact, those who thought they knew, you know, prophesied the victory of a Mors car, and they would have been right in their prognostications but for the better performance of a George Richard-Brasier car, driven by the expert Théry, which outpaced the Mors by 33 min. 2 sec. No less a surprise was afforded by the car to run into third place, a Turcat-Méry, practically the parent car of that vehicle so well put before the English public by Messrs. Jarrott and Letts—namely,

the De Dietrich. The Circuit des Argonnes course was 57½ miles in circumference, and, as this was covered six times in all, the total distance run was 345 miles, covered by Théry in 8 hours 34 min. 28 sec., including controls, the rebates for which may be put down at 2 hours 40 min., which would make his running time 5 hours 34 min. 28 sec. Including controls, Théry averaged 40½ miles per hour, which, contrasted with Jenatzy's average of 49.25 in last year's Gordon Bennett, with controls eliminated, naturally strikes our French friends as eminently satisfactory, when the character of the Argonnes course is taken into consideration.



THE MAXIM FLYING-MACHINE AT THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

the method of providing acetylene gas for car lamps. He points out the nasty, evil-odoured mess attending the use of the ordinary generator, the offence to delicate nostrils caused by escaping acetylene, and suggests that, by a method patented by two French engineers, acetylene gas can be taken up by a liquid just as carbonic-acid gas is by water in the production of soda-water, and that the gas so taken up can afterwards be stored under pressure in a porous material contained in a steel bottle about fifteen inches long and five inches in diameter. One of these bottles, which could be accommodated in a neat box on the dashboard, would contain gas sufficient for fifteen hours' light, and, what is more, would always be ready for use after any lapse of time. A little instrument for reducing the pressure of the gas to that at which it should issue from the lamp-burner would form part of the steel flask. At present, an installation of this kind would cost the preposterous amount of twelve pounds, but it is to be hoped that, when the owners of the patents see the scope before them, they will bring the cost down within reasonable limits.

The young Canadian Professor, Dr. Rutherford, of Montreal, who lately delivered a remarkable lecture on Radium, is recognised in America as the chief Western authority on the subject. He was, in fact, one of the first to throw light on the nature of Radio-activity in the researches which he conducted with Mr. Soddy. Professor Rutherford has been visited by American publishers with requests to write on the theme, and it is quite natural that he should publish through the Cambridge University Press a book on Radio-activity.

A writer in a French paper suggests a distinct improvement in

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Derby—The Coronation Cup—Goodwood—Ascot.

THE international character given to the Derby this year by the presence of Gouvernant in the field is not likely to do harm. Indeed, a whole host of Frenchmen have arrived on these shores to see Waterloo once more avenged. M. Blanc is a real good judge of racing and racehorses, and, unless he is sadly out in his reckoning, the Blue Riband seems to be well within his grasp. Of the

dish on the opening day, and I hope the weather will be favourable, as I am never likely to forget having to stand out in the rain at the lower end of the lawn for three-quarters of an hour last year, waiting for the start to take place. Up to now, shelter has been at a premium at Goodwood, but all that is to be altered, and, for the future, we shall be always high and dry. Many good horses will, as a matter of course, run at the meeting, as the best patrons of the Turf like to see their colours carried here. Further, the going is always of the best.

His Majesty the King is to attend Ascot on all four days of the meeting, and the State Procession will take place on the Tuesday and the Thursday, when the Queen and several members of the Royal Family will be present. The going at Ascot just now is better than it has been for years, and I predict better fields than usual for the long-distance stakes. However, I do think that horses running in the Gold Cup on the Thursday ought not to be allowed to compete again in the Hardwicke Stakes on the Friday, as it is often attended with disaster. Already there are several tips about for the Royal Hunt Cup, and good judges think that the best of J. Powney's lot, probably Dumbarton Castle, will go very close. However, there is plenty of time to talk of the probable winner, which may spring from a little-known quarter, as I hear of an animal that has been specially saved for the race. There will be a good field seen out for the Ascot Stakes, in my opinion far and away the best race at the meeting to watch. Many promising two-year-olds, including some owned by the King, are due to make their début at the meeting.

CAPTAIN COE.



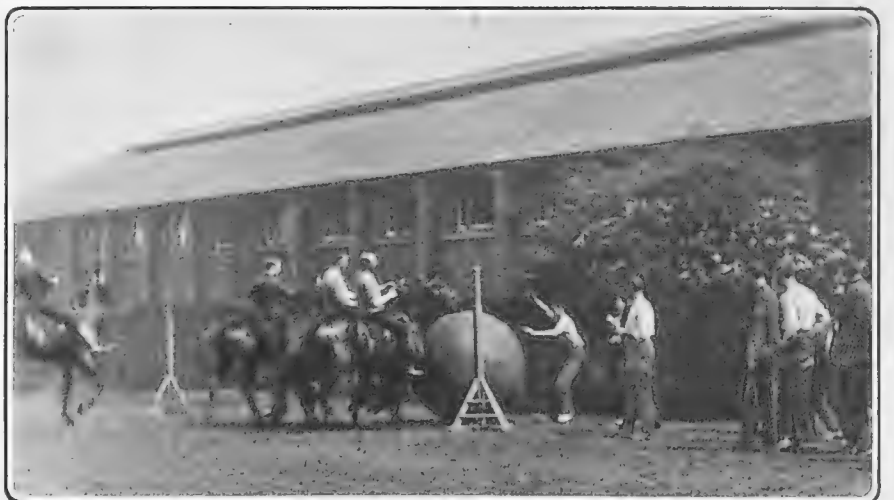
PUSH-BALL ON HORSEBACK, AS PLAYED AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT: A CHAMPION DRIBBLER.

English horses it is difficult to write with any confidence, as their form has been erratic, to say the least of it. I think John o' Gaunt will turn out to be the best—that is, if Mr. George Thursby can act over the course. It is said Henry the First has come on since the race for the Newmarket Stakes. He will be well ridden by Madden and is very likely to finish in the first three. St. Amant is too unreliable to carry my vote, and Andover may be either a little duck or a big swan. He will not want for good jockeyship, as W. Lane is to have the mount; but it would be like taking a leap in the dark to suggest that he should beat Gouvernant.

Perhaps the prettiest race seen at Epsom this week will be that for the Coronation Cup, to be run on Thursday. If Sceptre, Zinfandel, and Rock Sand are included in the field, there should be plenty of speculation and the winner may take some finding. Rock Sand and Zinfandel have both been in long work at Newmarket. Of the two, I prefer the first-named, but he could have no chance on the Eclipse Stakes running with Sceptre, provided Mr. Willie Bass's mare were fit and well on the day. It may be, however, that Sceptre has not done sufficient sharp work for this event, as it is the intention of her owner to run her at Ascot. Yet I do not think she would be started at Epsom if she were not quite wound-up, and I shall, with a run, predict the victory of Sceptre. I had almost forgotten to touch on the Oaks, which, I am afraid, will be a regular one-horse affair this time, as I can see nothing in the entries that is capable of making Pretty Polly gallop, and I think it is lucky for the managers of the meeting that the filly was not entered for the Derby.

It will be something like old times to see a big house-party at Goodwood this year. Their Majesties the King and Queen will occupy Goodwood House for the meeting, while the Prince and Princess of Wales are to be the guests of Mr. Willie James for the reunion. The new stands will be quite ready for the meeting that commences on July 26, and already, I am told, all the available houses in the neighbourhood have been taken. Convenient specials are to feed the meeting from Brighton, Southsea, London, Eastbourne, and many local towns, so that a right royal gathering is assured. The Stewards' Cup will be the chief

One of the most interesting features of this year's Military Tournament is the introduction of the new game of Push-ball played on horseback. The opposing teams line up in the centre, with the ball between them, and then, at a given signal, the horses close in and attempt to jostle the ball through one or other of the goals. The game is very exciting from a spectator's point of view, as the horses have become very expert. The men ride bareback, and simply guide their steeds; the actual playing is all done by the animals themselves. Scrimmages ensue worthy of the noblest traditions of "Rugger," while the pace at which some of them dribble up the field would place in the shade the performance of many a renowned exponent of the gentle art of "Socker." As the ball nears the goal, the goal-keeper plants himself broadside-on to stop the ball, and, in order to score, often has to be pushed back bodily by sheer force, as he leans with all his weight against the ball, disputing every inch of ground till the whistle announces that a point has been gained and it is useless to struggle further. The game provides many amusing incidents, as the riders are often unseated.



PUSH-BALL ON HORSEBACK, AS PLAYED AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT: A GOAL.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde, Redcross Street.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ONE of the most noticeable changes in connection with the London Season is that people who emerge from the retirement of their respective counties and travel townwards for eight or twelve weeks, as the case may be, now generally stay in hotels instead of taking a house for the Season, as was the former universal rule.



[Copyright.]

A RACE-GOWN OF THE FASHIONABLE TAFFETAS.

The habit of saving trouble and taking life as easily as may be is the code of this century; and, as that state of things is much more easily arranged by staying in a modern, palatial hotel than in having all the thousand bothers of keeping house, it follows that most of those who can adopt it. Economy as well as comfort is ensured, while vexatious domesticities are put behind one, so it is little wonder that hotels wax fat while house-agents are left lamenting.

As a particular instance of the popularity to which a well-managed modern hotel attains, one need but look in at the Great Central any afternoon or evening of the year and see for oneself how every table is occupied, while for public or private social gatherings the Wharncliffe Rooms are surely unequalled in magnificence, as they are convenient and accessible from all parts of town. The Lounge, which is illustrated on the next page, adjoins the picturesque Courtyard, and an excellent band plays in it during the afternoon and evening. It forms part of the Wharncliffe suite of rooms, and can be used by those attending entertainments as well as visitors in the hotel. Altogether, a more luxurious and at all points desirable stopping-place than the Great Central it would be difficult to name.

On summer evenings in the country, when a book and a hammock and a green lawn invite repose, I am often tempted to wish that a place of future punishment was in store for the impudent, impalpable, and poisonous gnat who preys on one's cuticle with such fiendish insistence and finds out the weak spots in openwork stockings and lace-yoked blouses with such malignant industry. Was Omar indeed

so hide-bound a heathen as that he could sit under a tree and think poetry while permitting himself to be bitten with impunity? I doubt it; and, with a dozen lumps on neck and chin and ears, and corresponding number on each ankle, can almost hear the old sinner's language in feeling what my own would at present wish to be. Some friends advise Wright's Coal Tar Soap as a remedy for midge-bites. Can this indeed be? If so, I shall be seriously sorry for Omar Khayyám, seeing that there could have been no possibility of Wright for him, and that he therefore, probably, suffered his gnat-bites as one who sorrows (or swears) without hope.

It is a well-accepted fact that nothing short of perfection is possible in a tailor-made gown, and that, however we may lend ourselves to a state of "home decoration" at the hands of the little semi-demi-dressmaker, nothing less than the utmost art and highest skill is permissible to the successful tailor-frock. In theory this is indisputable, but in practice, alack, how difficult to alight on the tailor of our dreams! Nevertheless, he exists, and vindicates his existence triumphantly in no less a place than Regent Street, under no less a name than Ernest, of London, Paris, and New York. Whatever exquisite taste, varied experience, and highest skill can do in producing unique effects and consummate style is done by Ernest. He is a law unto himself in all matters of colour and form, and is justified of his beliefs, as anyone after having walked through his salons can aver. An afternoon-gown of champagne-coloured China crêpe has just been designed by him for a friend. The wide, pointed collar and loose sleeve-cuffs are faced with soft vieux-rose panne, on which elaborate embroideries of tiny gold paillettes appear; the seams and edges are outlined with pale-buff chenille thread, and large buttons of champagne and old-rose chenille appear on skirt and bodice. Buttons are, in fact, an epidemic in Paris just now. Not content with sewing them all over one's frock, the *couturières* in the first flight see that they plentifully besprinkle hat



[Copyright.]

SMART GOWN OF BLACK TAFFETAS.

and even parasol, while a much-repeated *on dit* affirms that a well-known *grande dame* has had buttons sewn all over the cover of her best prayer-book. Black and white plaid, which at first sight does not offer much scope for sartorial surprises, becomes "a very other matter" in Ernest's hands; one seen there, treated with tabs and pipings of lettuce-green panne and filigree buttons of gold and green colouring, was surprisingly smart. Evening-dresses which bear the



LOUNGE AT THE WHARNCLIFFE ROOMS, HOTEL GREAT CENTRAL.

cachet of this celebrated house are so recognisably original and smart that, when one sees something immeasurably *chic*, the inference is very safe that it hails from Ernest. Details in print leave one cold to the splendid realities they feebly attempt to portray; therefore, happy women contemplating really smart gowns should see for themselves the result of Ernest's creative genius. No one is, needless to add, solicited to buy, though no one, having gone, would wish to do otherwise. Ernest is, in fact, a master-mind in chiffons, and will design you a cloak or a gown with so much success and sense of fitness that you will wonder why you have never been so nice-looking before; added to which, his prices are by no means preposterous—a combination of qualities which should mark him—and, in fact, does—as the very *doyen* of dressmakers.

That women "up North" may have the hitherto denied opportunity of frocking themselves as smartly as their sisters in town without travelling thither, Ernest is about to open on June 18 a branch establishment at Scarborough, just opposite the Grand Hotel. The same skill and original creations will be obtainable here as at Regent Street, and, in view of the undeniable style and superior workmanship of all garments, it may be well to note how comparatively moderate are the prices of this master artist in clothes.

As an object-lesson in the high art to which modern jewellery has attained, the fascinating booklet issued by the Parisian Diamond Company, entitled "Jewels," is a unique example. Every page represents the highest and most original development of gem-setting. Every design is a masterpiece: many have obtained gold medals as being unique in form, conception, and handicraft. The highest art of Rue de la Paix artists has never achieved more superb workmanship than the buckle, No. 7613 in catalogue, of carved gold and diamonds. Another *chef d'œuvre* is the diamond and enamel pendant No. 7601, which costs a mere £6 17s. and looks as if a hundred guineas could not purchase it. Copies of notable antique models like the pendant on page 24 are instances of the highest skill, and the absurdly low price at which they are obtainable is only another instance of the advantages opened up to this generation by the enterprise of the Parisian Diamond Company. The book "Jewels" can be had on application to any of the Company's shops, either in the Burlington Arcade, Bond Street, or Regent Street, and the opportunity of obtaining it should be gladly availed of. It is useful to know that the Company's workmen are specialists in cleaning and re-setting old-fashioned jewels, and that original designs can be submitted by artists in gem-work at comparatively infinitesimal charges.

SYBIL.

At the opening of the new extension of the Savoy Hotel recently, Hennessy's seventy-year-old brandy was the only liqueur brandy served and it appeared to meet with the approval of all connoisseurs.

"Webster's Royal Red Book" has just made its hundred and fourteenth appearance. It contains all the usual features, including Court Guide, Peerage, House of Commons, Ambassadors, &c., brought up to the latest date, and, though it continues to grow in size, the price remains at five shillings.

In a recent issue it was stated that, during one of the days of the Eliminating Trials, "Stocks and Earp, both driving Napiers with non-slipping Dunlop tyres, went through the day without a puncture, change, or necessity for inflation." As a matter of fact, Mr. Earp's car was fitted with "Palmer Cord Motor Tyres" of the ordinary stock make, and not racing tyres.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

THE three hundred and fifty mainstays and supports of the Grands Magasins du Louvre have visited London (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). In consequence, it has been more than a little difficult to purchase anything at the Louvre without hearing their views on London. They've come back, as far as I can see, with a notion that London consists mainly of fog, closed shops, and halfpenny newspapers, which latter, as translated to them by those of their party who knew English, struck them as very wonderful indeed.

"I should so much like," one said, "to teach the editors of some of the London papers a little Paris; but, after all," he added, wistfully, "that would, no doubt, be contrary to English law." I asked him how. "Well," he explained, "in France it is a criminal offence to take away a man's means of livelihood from him, and ignorance of Paris surely is—" Our Louvre friends apparently saw more in London than we thought they did.

It is a curious thing how comparatively rare are books which succeed in showing us the inwardness of our domestic pets. Novelists of both sexes have no hesitation in writing volumes on the "Smart Set," of whose doings they know little save through the misrepresentations and imaginary descriptions of the fashion papers, but everybody seems to neglect the pets they have at home. Such was the excuse given for her volume, "Dialogue de Bêtes," by Madame Henry Gauthier-Villars, the wife of "Willy," whose "Claudine" is now a classic everywhere in Paris where the *jeune fille* does not penetrate, and who, as Gauthier-Villars, is the Sarcey of the concert-hall.

Madame Willy has written a delightful volume. "Kiki la Doucette" and "Toby Chien" succeed in being not only cat and dog, but most Parisian cat and dog, and their verdict, or rather, their many verdicts, on "les deux pattes," as they call us human beings, are as delightful in their way as are the sayings of the creatures of the "Jungle Books."

Once more the veteran Provençal poet, Mistral, has celebrated the anniversary of Mireille and the foundation of the Felibrige, that cult of all things Provençal of which the poet is the High Priest and which has its prototype nearer home in the bard-gatherings of gallant little Wales. Between them, Mistral the poet and Cot the painter have made of Mireille, the typical Provençal, as national a figure as is Joan of Arc, and it is one of the ambitions of the Felibrige to purchase Cot's great picture of Mireille from the State Galleries of the Luxembourg and take it down to Avignon.

London children are very happy in the country when the weather is fine and they can play about out of doors; but, unfortunately, there are many wet days on which this is impossible. Time passes slowly when children have no playthings. The Holiday Home, Higham, Kent, is open from April to October, and accommodates ten children, who each spend a fortnight in the fresh air. If any kind friends would send dolls, toys, or books, they would add greatly to the children's happiness.

One of the features of Madame Yvette Guilbert's Recitals at Bechstein Hall was the illustrated book containing a selection of her most famous songs. Side by side with each French original appeared a version in English by Mr. John N. Raphael, the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*. While, perhaps, in some cases the transformation seemed somewhat curious, as in the case of "Legende Bretonne," which became an Irish song, with Father Mike instead of the Curé, and "Mavourneen" in place of "Ma petite Mignon," the work was exceedingly well done, both the humour and pathos of the various songs being faithfully reproduced.

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June 1, 1904.

Signature.....

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 8.

CONSOLS AS A SPECULATION.

WITH the near approach of the June Settlement in Consols—it will be over before these lines are in our readers' hands—there has come some slackening of the price that may tempt speculators to try their fortunes on the bull tack. The dividend of $\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. has also to be reckoned with, and its deduction may give the quotation an air of cheapness, while the rate charged for



TRANSVAAL ESTATES AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY: A PROSPECTING EXPEDITION CROSSING THE PIENSAARS RIVER.

carrying-over the stock has now become so comparatively light as to be virtually covered by the interest on the Funds. Then, too, there are prospects of yet cheaper money, the Bank Rate being talked to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and a good deal of bullishness prevails in the House in regard to the immediate course of Consols. We are constrained to confess, however, that, to us, there does not seem much rise in the present price. It may go to 91 ex-div., but that, so far as we can see, will bound its horizon for some time to come. The reception given to recent new issues has been too warm for other appeals to be restrained, and, although the investor is showing a wide capacity for absorbing good stock, his appetite may be easily jaded by a too liberal display of fare. For a short turn, Consols may be good enough to buy, but those prophets who enthusiastically see the price at 95 are surely painting their visions a little too rose-coloured.

FINANCIAL CRITICISM.

In the booklets lately issued by the *Times* explanatory of its new system for subscribers, it avers that the freedom of criticism for which it is distinguished drives away the Company-promoter of a certain sort. We recall with gratitude, how the *Times*, in a dignified, brief manner, stated a useful opinion in regard to some of the Whitaker Wright concerns. Those few lines did far more to warn the public than the columns of virulent abuse and indiscriminate attack so richly lavished upon the undertakings by a certain class of financial journalists. But while we gladly admit the debt which the moneyed public owes to the *Times*, we must also be allowed to wish that the criticism were yet more free, more trenchant, more helpful than it is at present. The bald "notices" of new Companies which most of the morning papers give to fresh appeals are of no possible service to the reader. They are almost as bad as the violent "slating" of some particular Company because it happens to have made some trivial, palpable slip in printing its prospectus—a slip that makes no difference to anybody. But between the icy formality of the general "notice" and the headlong attack upon a Company because it is a Company, there lies a wide field whose cultivation would be immensely appreciated by the great reading public, and we may perhaps hope that, with its usual enterprise, the *Times* will take the lead in the performance of an eminent public service of this sort.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"I'm pining for a new sensation," and The Stroller looked pathetically at his broker as they sat in the comfortably-furnished office.

"You don't care to come round the House again, I suppose?" asked the broker.

"No, thanks," was the emphatic reply. "I enjoyed my former trip, but too much is as bad as a feast, you know."

"I know!" and the broker sprang up with an inspiration. "Come on to the roof of the House and look through the dome-windows into the markets. It's good fun, and I've not been there for a long time."

"D'you mean it?" our Stroller demanded. "How much do you charge me for wasting your time?"

"Oh, that goes down as a contango-rate," laughed the broker. "Come— Just a minute: I must see who that is telephoning."

"Well, well?"

"Oh yes, I think so. Kaffirs will probably droop a bit further, and then—"

"Just so: oh, no hurry at all."

"Well, you know, that's rather dangerous, although I don't think a bear would hurt."

"Perhaps so: all right, I'll ring you up a little before the close. Good-bye."

He hung the receiver up. "That man's the same way as yourself," he remarked. "Thinks Kaffirs will go lower yet before we see them better."

In the Street the twain were stopped for a moment by a youth, immaculately dressed, who sauntered up and asked the last price of De Beers.

"I reported the sale of the last couple of hundred to your office half-an-hour ago," the broker began, at which the youth thanked him, and sauntered away again.

"Deals for one of the big houses," explained the broker. "Smart youngster, too, although he doesn't look it. They are all selling Kaffirs, you see."

"Will they deliver?" inquired The Stroller.

"Bless my soul, no! They may be selling now, but it's only with the intention of buying back later. That's what makes a bear of Kaffirs so dangerous, because you can never tell when things may turn round."

By this time they were ascending a long series of short flights of stairs with occasional notices, "To the Settlement Department." There was nobody about.

"You get the Brighton air up here," observed the broker, as they stood, somewhat breathless, on the top landing. "Now for the level."

By a little door the pair of adventurers gained a slight passage which is practically on the roof of the Kaffir Market dome.

"If you feel mountain-sickness coming on, just hang on to me," the broker laughed. "Now look down."

It was a queer and a most unusual sight. A long way down below, men sifted hither and thither, black marks of humanity, the different-coloured heads of hair and no-hair, mingled with a sprinkling of top-hats, being the outstanding feature.

The broker pointed out—or tried to point out—some of the best-known men, but he gave that up after a while and confined himself to indicating various markets.

"If we were to drop straight down," he said, causing The Stroller an involuntary shiver, "we should probably startle a few of the West Australian and the British Columbian dealers."

"Why are Westralians like us?" he continued.

"Because they are too high," guessed The Stroller, promptly. "I've half a mind to sell some. By George, how I'd love to drop an orange on that carrot-haired fellow standing almost underneath us!"

"Can't help having my suspicions of that market," returned the broker, who was trying to divert somebody's attention down below.

"The insiders know so much too much," objected The Stroller. "Look how filthy my hands are!"

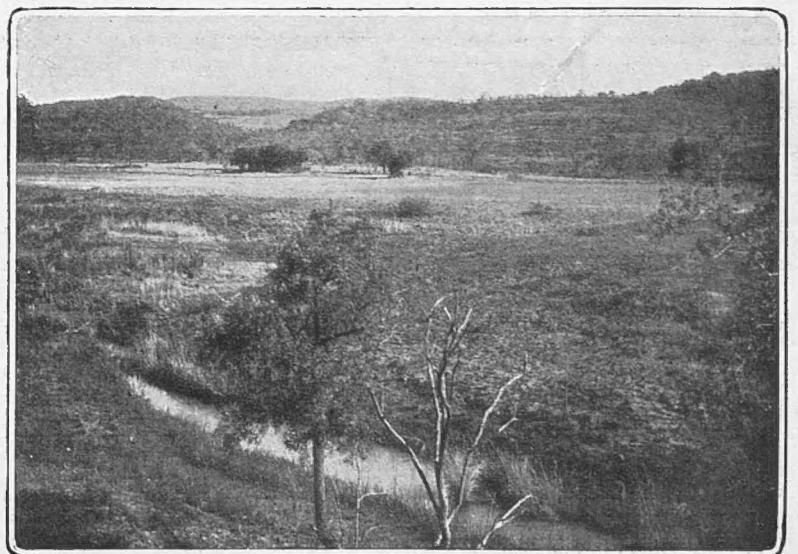
"That's the copper casing round the dome," his friend observed. "For all they say, I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see Oroyas come down, in spite of the dividend. Got him, by Jove!"

The paper pellet bounced off the silk-hat of the victim underneath, who looked round in every direction but the right one, to the broker's great disappointment.

"I think you might sell me a hundred Oroyas as a spec.," said The Stroller. "I suppose one can always take them in?"

"There's a stiffish back on them," was the reply, "although I don't think that need frighten you. I'll go and do it forthwith. Do you care to stay up here?"

"I'm coming down with you," The Stroller rejoined. "Hark how the wind whistles on those miles of telephone-wires!"



LANDS ON DOORNDRAI, TRANSVAAL. IRRIGATION WORKS ARE PROJECTED.

A man was attending to a line on the other side of Throgmorton Street. He saw the others watching him, and suddenly went through a performance of excruciating grimaces as though to express he had received a shock. "Putting it all on," observed the broker, calmly. "Never mind him. Let's get down, and I will sell those Oroyas."

When they stood in Old Broad Street, the broker having come down on the other side of the House, they parted for a few minutes. "Can't invite you to wash your hands in the House," the member apologised, "but they will give you everything at the office. I shall be there in a brace of shakes."

"That's a rummy experience," chuckled The Stroller to himself. "I wonder if many clients get taken for bird's-eye views on to the roof of the Kaffir Market."

"And look ye here," he overheard a man say, "I'll give not a bawbee more than five-eighths."

"Suppose I can't get them under the eleven?" the other asked, standing on the steps of the House.

"Then I'll just be content to bide a wee," answered the Northerner.

In less than two minutes out came the broker of the last speaker. "A hundred shares I bought at five-eighths and under," he reported. "There's skinflint dealing for you!"

And, as the pair went off, The Stroller heard the client being exhorted to buy Johannesburg Municipal Fours as an investment of whose advance in price there could be no doubt.

The Stroller's broker met him in the office five minutes later and was told of the Johannesburg suggestion.

"Capital investment; capital," said he; "and so are Melbourne Harbour Fours. Mix the two, and you have a 4 per cent. investment as sound as can be desired, although people make such a fuss about not being able to get 4 per cent. in these days."

"What do you think of Home Railways?" The Stroller inquired, as they went to look for some lunch.

"They may go better in the autumn, but I don't trust them far till then," replied the broker. "Shouldn't advise you to gamble in them, but they are still good enough to lock up. Especially Berwicks."

"What are Berwicks?"

"North-Eastern Consols, in which there is a steady 5 per cent. rise. Here is Slater's; come and try this to-day."

And at Slater's we must leave them for the present.

Saturday, May 28, 1904.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. W. P.—Any of the following might suit you. Spread your money over, say, four of them. (1) Inter-Oceanic of Mexico Prior Lien Bonds; (2) United States Brewing 6 per cent. Debentures; (3) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary; (4) C. A. Pearson 5½ per cent. Preference; (5) Cuban New Loan; (6) Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock.

D. F.—We should join the reconstruction.

MAISIE.—(1) Grand Trunk Debentures are quite safe. (2) See answer to "F. W. P.," but, as you only ask 4 per cent., you might substitute for that list Western Australian 4 per cent. Bonds, Indian Midland Railway stock, Grand Trunk Guaranteed stock, and B. A. Great Southern Preference stock. (3) Such things as City Wellington Waterworks or Christchurch Drainage Bonds are first-class. (4) We have a poor opinion of the chances of the bonnet-shop.

MOLAR.—All the Debentures named by you are good, sound Industrial things, which you may hold with little fear of your interest being cut off. The last-named Company is supposed to be promising, and its Ordinary shares are reputed in the House a good speculative purchase.

NOVICE.—If you were employing a good broker, you could write to him and he would wire you advice as to new issues. The dividend which a Company pays is on the nominal value of the shares and has nothing to do with what you pay for them.

GAMMA.—Thank you for your second letter. We have not room to discuss the various securities you refer to in this column, but, if Inter-Oceanic Prior Liens are not paid off for a year, they at present price, with accrued interest, yield 5 per cent. with extraordinary security. You might turn your attention to Brewery Debentures. We do not like Allsopps, because nobody really knows how the Company stands, but such things as Ashleys' Staines, Hancocks, Lacon, Tamplin, and the like, are probably worth buying. Egyptian Salt and Soda Debentures are cheap, and the report is just out; while things like Artisans' and Labourers' Dwellings give a fair return. The Sewing Cotton we would have none of.

PAPER.—We think well of the Company.

SPECULATOR.—The shares are a fair gamble—speculative certainly.

C. B. H.—Our opinion is that the whole thing is a swindle.

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